Gc
974.402
Ip6ipi
1779158

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01068 0970

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/celebrationoftwo00ipsw_0

THE

CELEBRATION

OF THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE INCORPORATION

OF THE

TOWN OF IPSWICH

MASSACHUSETTS

AUGUST 16, 1884

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1884

1779158

F
8444
.4

Ipswich, *Mass.*

The celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, August 16, 1884. Boston, Little, Brown and company, 1884.

vi, [2] p., 1 l., [3]–149 p. 1 illus., plates (1 fold.) ports. 24½ cm.

Historical address: The evolution of a New England town, by Rev. John C. Kimball, p. 25–60.

1. Ipswich, Mass.—Hist. 1. Kimball, John Calvin, 1832–

1-11451

Library of Congress [32c1] F74.I6I6

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

	PAGE
Proceedings at the Annual Town-Meeting	3
Proceedings at the Adjourned Town-Meeting	4
Appointment of Sub-committees, etc.	4
The Procession	6
Order of Exercises at the Tent	8

EXERCISES AT THE TENT.

Address of Hon. George Haskell, President of the Day	9
Original Hymn by the Rev. J. P. Cowles	12
Prayer by the Rev. Temple Cutler	13
Poem by the Rev. J. O. Knowles, D.D.	16
Historical Address by the Rev. John C. Kimball	25
Poem, "Mother Ipswich"	61
Original Hymn by the Rev. J. O. Knowles, D.D.	64

THE DINNER.

Remarks of the President	67
Remarks of the Toast-master, the Rev. T. Frank Waters	68
Address of Governor Robinson	69
Letter from the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop	75
Address of the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall	76
Address of the Rev. E. B. Palmer	80
Address of Dr. Daniel Denison Slade	84
Remarks of the Hon. C. A. Sayward	87

PAGE

Remarks of Richard S. Spofford, Esq. 90
Poem by Harriet Prescott Spofford 90
Remarks of Major Ben: Perley Poore 93
Remarks of the Rev. George Leeds, D.D. 95
Letter from the Poet Whittier 98
Address of the Hon. George B. Loring 99
Address of R. H. Manning, Esq. 108
Remarks of the Rev. John C. Kimball 113
Remarks of the Hon. Eben F. Stone 114
Address of Colonel Luther Caldwell 118
Remarks of the Rev. R. S. Rust. 120
Address of Mr. Francis R. Appleton 121
Letter from the Mayor of Ipswich, England 123
Telegram from Ipswich, England 124
Address of the Hon. S. H. Phillips 124
Telegram to Ipswich, England 130
Closing Exercise 131

SELECTIONS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from the Hon. James G. Blaine 133
Letter from the Hon. W. W. Dudley 133
Letter from Rev. Edmund F. Slafter. 134
Letter from Thomas Morong, Esq. 135
Letter from S. L. Caldwell, Esq. 135
Letter from the Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury 137

List of Invited Guests 139
The Choir 145
Description of Heliotypes 147

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

John Winthrop, Jr. . . . . *Frontispiece*

The Winthrop-Burnham House . . . . . *Next to Frontispiece*

Public Library, Post Office, and Methodist Church . . . 5

First Church, Soldiers' Monument, and Green 8

South Church and Green 8

Ipswich, from Heartbreak Hill 25

View from Green-street Bridge 67

The Howard House 67

Mr. Richard Saltonstall's House, built in 1635 76

Meeting-Houses 80

Colonel Nathaniel Wade and Colonel Joseph Hodgkins . . 88

The Manning School 109

Rev. Thomas Cobbett's House 118

The Dodge House 118

Choate Bridge, built 1764 148

GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP THE YOUNGER.

JOHN WINTHROP, JR.

(Frontispiece.)

John Winthrop, Jr., eldest son of the Governor of Massachusetts, born Feb. 12, 1606, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and a barrister of the Inner Temple. In 1631 he followed his father to New England, founded Ipswich, Mass., in 1632, was commissioned Governor of "Connecticut Plantation" in 1635, founded New London in 1645, was elected Governor of Connecticut in 1657, and obtained from the crown in 1661 the charter uniting the Connecticut and New Haven Colonies, continuing governor for nearly seventeen years. His public duties obliged him repeatedly to visit England, and during his residence there he became widely known as an accomplished scholar; was one of the early members of the Royal Society, and the friend and correspondent of the leading natural philosophers of that period. He also took a very active interest in the study of medicine, and practised extensively and gratuitously among his New England neighbors. The journal of Governor Winthrop the elder mentions that his son John possessed in Boston, in 1640, a library of more than a thousand volumes. Some three hundred of these books can still be identified, and bear testimony to the learning and broad intellectual tastes of their original possessor. He died in Boston, April 5, 1676, aged seventy, and was buried with his father in King's Chapel graveyard. By his first wife (his cousin Martha Fones) he left no issue. By his second wife (Elizabeth, daughter of Edmund Reade of Wickford County, Essex, and step-daughter of the celebrated Hugh Peter) he left two sons, Fitz-John and Wait, and five daughters, — Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Antipas Newman, and afterward of Zerubbabel Endicott; Lucy, wife of Major Edward Palmes; Margaret, wife of John Curwin; Martha, wife of Richard Wharton; and Anne, second wife of Judge John Richards.

His first wife was buried in Ipswich, and his eldest son, Fitz-John Winthrop, afterwards Governor of Connecticut, was born there. — *From the Winthrop Papers. Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.*

CELEBRATION

OF THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF

THE TOWN OF IPSWICH.

INTRODUCTION.

AT the Annual Town-Meeting, held in the Town Hall, Monday, March 5, 1883, the Hon. Charles A. Sayward, moderator, called the attention of the meeting to the fact that the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town would occur on the 16th of August, 1884, and suggested that measures should be adopted for its proper celebration. The suggestion was favorably received; and, upon motion of the Hon. Frederic Willcomb, it was voted that a committee to take the matter in charge should be named by the moderator. He appointed —

Hon. Frederic Willcomb,	Mr. Philip E. Clarke,
Mr. Joseph Ross,	Mr. George E. Farley,
Mr. Thomas H. Lord,	Mr. D. Fuller Appleton,
Mr. G. W. Coburn,	Mr. John Heard,

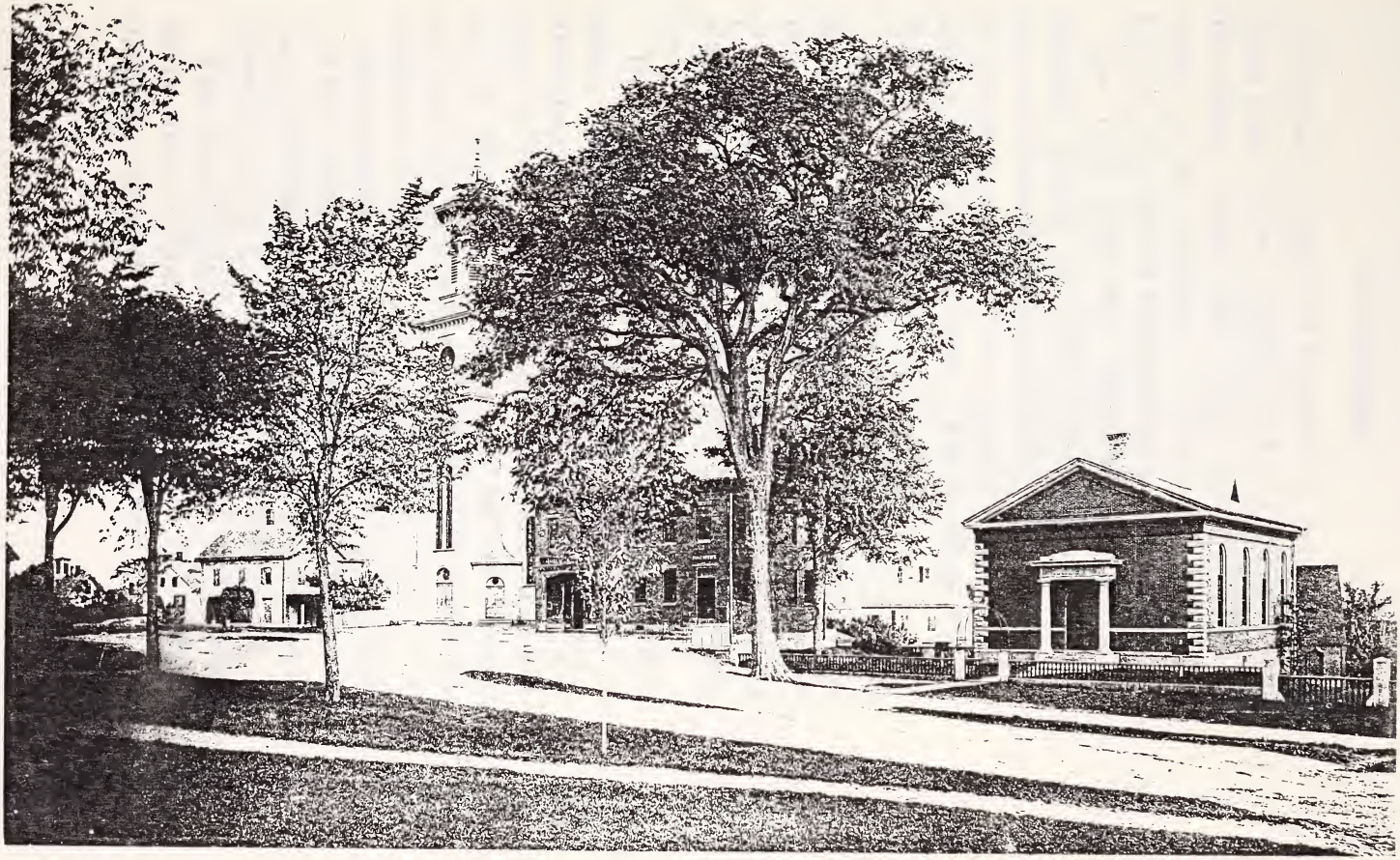
who were approved by the meeting; and, upon further motion of Mr. Willcomb, the moderator was added to the number.

The Committee shortly after organized, electing Hon. C. A. Sayward chairman, and Mr. George E. Farley secretary.

At an adjourned town-meeting, held Monday, April 7, 1884, the Committee requested that the sum of one thousand dollars should be appropriated for the expenses of the occasion. The sanction of the State Legislature having been obtained, the appropriation was promptly voted. It was further voted that the selectmen of the town, Mr. NATHANIEL R. FARLEY, chairman, Col. NATHANIEL SHATSWELL, and Mr. ALBERT S. BROWN, should be joined to the committee.

From this time forward the Committee held frequent meetings, and arranged sub-committees to attend to various matters of detail. They invited the Hon. GEORGE HASKELL to assume the duties of president of the day, the Rev. JOHN C. KIMBALL to deliver the oration, and the Rev. T. FRANK WATERS to act as toast-master. Col. NATHANIEL SHATSWELL was appointed chief marshal.

It was originally intended that the exercises should be held in the Town Hall; but, as it was feared this would be insufficient to accommodate the number expected, a tent was erected for the purpose on the green near the First Church. Another tent was erected for the dinner, which was served in a very handsome manner by Mr. DOOLING from Boston. The ladies of Ipswich contributed the flowers. The number seated at dinner was about one thousand, the invited guests occupying two tables raised above the others, at one of which presided the president of the day, the Hon. GEORGE HASKELL, and at the other, the chairman of the committee, the Hon. C.



A. Sayward. Music was furnished by the Germania Band from Boston, and by the Lynn Brass Band. The chorus, of over fifty voices, was under the direction of Mr. Arthur S. Kimball, a native of Ipswich, but now of Oberlin, Ohio.

The Town Hall, Post Office, Odd Fellows' Hall, Manning School, and Public Library, and the residences of the townspeople generally, were handsomely decorated, and the town altogether presented a most attractive appearance. The weather was all that could be desired.

Salutes of thirty-eight guns each were fired by Battery C, Light Artillery, of Lynn, from Town Hill, at sunrise, noon, and sunset. A brilliant display of fireworks in the evening, accompanied by music from the bands, closed the proceedings of the day.

The Committee charged with this compilation desire to express their thanks to Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, Jr., of Boston, and to Mr. Robert Winthrop of New York, for their kind aid. The last-named gentleman is the owner of the original portrait from which the heliotype that fronts this volume was taken.

They also thank the Rev. Augustine Caldwell and Mr. Arthur W. Dow, proprietors of the Ipswich Antiquarian Papers, for the prints of the old Ipswich churches, and of Colonels Wade and Hodgkins.

They further offer their grateful acknowledgments to Dr. Henry Wheatland, President of the Essex Institute, for much valuable assistance.

THE PROCESSION.

At nine A.M., upon the arrival of his Excellency the Governor, and Staff, the Lieutenant-Governor, and many of the invited guests, the procession was formed at the Eastern Railroad Station as follows:—

Chief Marshal,
Col. NATHANIEL SHATSWELL.

Chief of Staff, CHARLES W. BAMFORD.

Aids,

WALTER E. LORD.	CHARLES HASKELL.
LYMAN H. DANIELS.	ELISHA N. BROWN.
FRED. G. ROSS.	SAMUEL G. BRACKETT.
ALBERT P. JORDAN.	CHARLES W. BLAKE.
EDWARD F. BROWN.	WAYLAND W. WAITE.
ALLAN W. BROWN.	LAWRENCE McKAY.
WILLIAM A. STONE.	DANIEL B. BURNHAM.
CURTIS DAMON.	JOHN I. SULLIVAN.

WILLARD F. KINSMAN.

Germania Band of Boston, 25 pieces.

General Appleton Post, 128, Grand Army of the Republic, 100 men. Commander, LUTHER WAIT.

JOHN D. BILLINGS and Staff, Department Commander Grand Army of the Republic.

O. H. P. Sargent Post, 152, of Essex, 40 men. Commander, TIMOTHY ANDREWS.

Agawam Lodge, 52 I. O. O. F., 56 men. Noble Grand, AUGUSTINE H. PLOUFF: Marshal, WILLIAM P. ROSS.

Ipswich Mutual Benefit Society, 50 men. CHARLES OLSEN, President; NATHANIEL L. CLARK, Conductor.

Lynn Brass Band, 25 pieces, under Drum Major COLCORD.

SYLVANUS F. CANNEY, Chief Engineer Ipswich Fire Department.

Assistants: EDWARD W. CHOATE, MOSES SPILLER, ERASTUS CLARKE, Jr.

Marblehead Drum Corps.

Warren Engine and Hose Company, 40 men. GEORGE P. SMITH, Foreman.

Barnicoat Engine Company, 50 men. STEPHEN BAKER, Foreman.
Danvers Drum Corps.

Sutton Hook and Ladder Company, 40 men. NATHANIEL ARCHER, Foreman.

Washington Blues, in barge.

Carriage with four horses, containing his Excellency Governor ROBINSON, Adjutant-General S. DALTON, and NATHANIEL R. FARLEY, Chairman Ipswich Selectmen.

Carriage containing Lieutenant-Governor AMES and members of the Governor's Staff.

Carriages containing Veterans of the G. A. R., Veteran Odd Fellows, Veteran Soldiers and Sailors, Survivors of the Denison Light Infantry, and THOMAS SMITH, only survivor in Ipswich of the war of 1812.

Carriage containing Rev. JOHN C. KIMBALL, orator of the day, and Mrs. KIMBALL.

Carriage containing old Ipswich townsmen: Mr. EZEKIEL PEABODY, aged 96; Mr. JEREMIAH S. PERKINS, aged 87, and Mr. I. PULSIFER (now of Salem).

Carriages with Selectmen and Town Officers of Ipswich.

Carriages with invited guests.

ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.

Market to Depot Square; countermarch, — Market to Central Street, Central to Mineral, Mineral to Gravel, Gravel to High, up High Street to Harris Square; countermarch, — down High to East Street, East to Cross Street, Cross to Summer Street, Summer to Water Street, Water to Green Street, Green to Cross Street, Cross to Summer Street, Summer to Main Street, Main to Soldier's Monument, thence by Green to County Street, County to School Street, to Linden Street, to South Main Street, through South Main to the tent appropriated to the exercises of the day, where it was dismissed.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE TENT.

I. MUSIC.
GERMANIA BAND.

II. INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.
HON. GEORGE HASKELL, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

III. READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.
(PSALMS XCIX. AND C.)
REV. CHARLES T. JOHNSON.

IV. ORIGINAL HYMN.
TUNE, "MERIBAH."
REV. J. P. COWLES.

V. PRAYER.
REV. TEMPLE CUTLER.

VI. POEM.
MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

VII. ANTHEM: "PRAISE THE LORD."

VIII. ADDRESS.
REV. JOHN C. KIMBALL.

IX. MUSIC.
LYNN BRASS BAND.

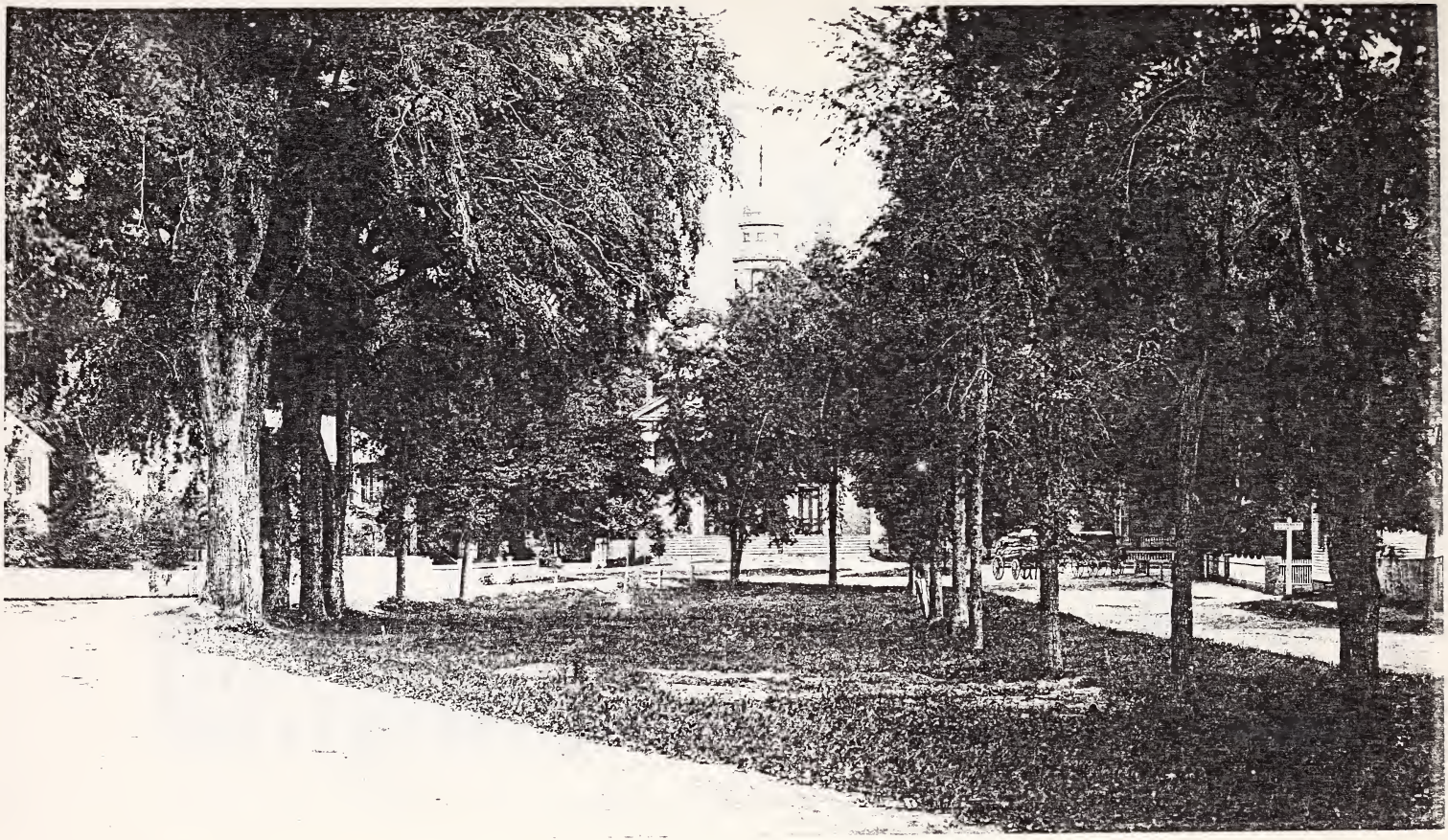
X. POEM: "MOTHER IPSWICH."
BY ONE OF HER GRANDCHILDREN.
READ BY ROLAND COTTON SMITH.

XI. ORIGINAL HYMN.
TUNE, "ST. ANN."
REV. J. O. KNOWLES, D.D.

XII. DOXOLOGY.
TO BE SUNG BY THE AUDIENCE, ACCOMPANIED BY THE BAND.

XIII. BENEDICTION.

NOTE. — It will be observed that the exercises did not exactly follow the programme.



EXERCISES AT THE TENT.

THE exercises at the tent began with music by the GERMANIA BAND, after which the President of the Day made the following introductory address: —

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE HASKELL,
PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — Two hundred and fifty years ago this day, the Court of Assistants, which at that time constituted the government of the Massachusetts Colony, passed an order that "Agawam shall be called Ipswitch;" and from that date and event we reckon our existence as a town. We have met to-day, in commemoration of that event, to refresh and strengthen the memory of the circumstances and the events attending the settlement of the town, and of the character and work of the men engaged in that undertaking. The beauty of this location and the fertility of the soil allured settlers here several years before the act of incorporation, and before any grant of the land was made or authorized; for we find in the colonial records, as early as 1630, — on the 7th of September, the same day on which it was ordered that "Trimountain should be called Boston," — the Court of Assistants also issued an order "that a warrant shall be presently sent to Agawam to command those that are planted there forthwith to come away." Who were then planted here, and whether they left or not, are matters of

uncertainty; but, a few years later, a number of the most prominent men of the Colony came to this town to reside. They had grants of land — house-lots, town-lots, as they were called — for the erection of residences, planting-lots of about six acres near by, and a larger extent of agricultural or farming land farther away. Several of them built residences in the town; but, after the lapse of a few years, some of them removed from the town, and sold their lands here. A few, however, who moved away, retained their lands, which have descended to some branch of their families, and are held to-day, in many instances, by the descendants of the first grantee. Those who remained here gave their attention to the cultivation of the soil, and agriculture became, and for two hundred years continued to be, the principal business of the town. These early settlers were men of good education, for that period. They knew the value of education, and at once provided for the instruction of their children. They understood their rights, and were among the first in the country to assert those rights against the encroachments of the crown. They comprehended their duties as citizens, and no interest of church or town suffered by their neglect. They recognized their obligations to a rightful government, and met all the requisitions upon them for men and means which the exigencies of the Colony often made necessary. Living upon their lands, they were in a measure secluded from much of the rest of the busy world; but upon those estates they enjoyed all the highest blessings of human life, — health, peace, plenty, and contentment. But such quiet lives were not adapted to all times and to all temperaments; and many young men of every generation, natives of the town, moved away in quest of fame or fortune. We have no reason to complain of their departure. They generally bore with them cultivated intellects and good morals; and many of them became centres of widespread and beneficial influence in their new homes, and thus brought honor upon their native town. The people of this town have always felt much interest in those families that have moved from them, and have taken pride in the

prominence they have attained in the business and professional circles of larger communities; and we are glad, very glad, to meet on this occasion representatives of so many of those families that moved from our borders in earlier or in later times. We trust they will find in the incidents of this day — in what they shall see and hear of the town, its origin and progress, its people, its natural beauties and institutions — something to increase and strengthen their interest in the town, in its history and future. It is one of the peculiar advantages of a celebration of this kind, that it calls these wanderers home; that it strengthens and quickens the memories that cluster around the home of their childhood; that it excites an interest in the localities and scenes in which their ancestors lived and labored, and strengthens their affection for their native land. Love of home begets love of country; and it is well, by such a celebration as this, to strengthen the attachment of every son and daughter of the land to their old ancestral home; so that, wherever they may wander over the earth, they will turn to it with fond recollection, and come back to it in after-life to revive the memories of the past, and to renew the associations and ties of their childhood and youth.

During the long existence of the town, and since many of these families moved from her borders, there have, of course, been some changes here; but much remains as it was in the times of our ancestors. Enough remains unchanged, we think, to make the town interesting to their descendants. Many of these dwellings they built and occupied. The fields they planted and tilled are all around us. Their graves are here. Sires and sons of successive generations rest on yonder hillside. We walk to-day in the paths our fathers trod; we drink at the fountains from which they drank; we gather around the hearthstones which they laid; and Nature here wears her primitive beauty still, unspoiled by the hands of man. From these surrounding hilltops we have the same grand and beautiful prospect which they beheld: on one side the ocean, always sublime, the islands, the long line of

shore, and the distant headlands; on the other side a wide and varied prospect of hill and valley, field and forest, and the little streams glistening among the overhanging branches and tall groves, — a view which must have filled their hearts with gladness when they first looked upon it as their land of promise, and which is spread before our sight to-day as our inheritance from them.

Your attention is now asked to the reading of select portions of Scripture by the Rev. CHARLES T. JOHNSON, of this town.

Rev. Mr. JOHNSON read Psalms XCIX. and C.

PRESIDENT HASKELL. — An original hymn, by Rev. J. P. COWLES of this town, will now be sung.

The hymn was sung to the tune of "Meribah," and was as follows: —

AN ORIGINAL HYMN.

I LOVE the land that gave me birth:
What lovelier spot can be on earth
Than where I first drew breath?
I love the ashes of my sires;
Fresh will I keep their altar-fires
Until I sleep in death.

Hail, solemn Puritanic shore!
All hail, thine everlasting roar
Of deep Atlantic born!
Can other rock with that compete,
Where stepped those blessed Pilgrim feet
That cold December morn?

Henceforth thy ragged rocks are fair,
New England, yea, beyond compare;
One sanctifies them all:
Thy hills are crowned with yeomen bold;
Their thews of strength thy rights enfold
As with a granite wall.

This is our cradle, here our graves:
Where is the recreant soul that craves
A Paris, or a Rome?
Brave Peregrine! the first that said,
"Here I was christened, here I wed,
And this shall be my home."

Young star of empire, hold thy way;
None talk to thee of cold decay,
Or calculate thine age;
None speculate with curious eyes
And base delight on thy demise,
Or spell thy latest page.

Foes of my country, think, beware!
Touch not the ark beloved where
Her pledge of union lies:
Her band of stars shall not decline,
Her heroes never cease to shine
Clear in the upper skies.

PRESIDENT HASKELL. — Prayer will now be offered by the Rev. TEMPLE CUTLER of Essex.

The Rev. TEMPLE CUTLER invoked the divine blessing as follows: —

PRAYER.

O THOU whose name is Jehovah, who alone art most high over all the earth, who wast the God of our fathers, and didst promise unto them to be a God unto their children and children's children, until the remotest generations, to them that fear Thee and keep Thy commandments, we desire to come before Thee with gratitude for all Thy infinite love and mercy shown toward us, and in humble penitence for our many transgressions. We blush, O God, at the remembrance of the sins that have been committed in the sight of such infinite goodness; but we rejoice at the gracious word that comes from Thee, through the mouth of Thy prophet, that,

though our sins be as scarlet, Thou canst make them white as snow. We beseech Thee, O Lord, to wash us thoroughly from our iniquity, and to cleanse us from our sins; for we acknowledge our transgression, and our sin is before Thee. Be Thou merciful unto our unrighteousness; and our sins and our iniquities do Thou remember no more. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We render thanks unto Thee, O God, for those gracious providences which have crowned our day with those civil and religious privileges which we enjoy; for a government founded upon the eternal principle of righteousness and truth as discovered in thy Holy Word; for the faithful administration of the laws of our land, whereby are secured unto us all those individual privileges consistent with the association of free, independent agents in a body politic; for the spirit of intelligence that pervades the masses of our people; for our schools and colleges, and all our seminaries of learning; for our churches and the faithful ministration of all the holy offices of our blessed religion. We thank Thee that Thou didst endow the fathers with that spirit of wisdom that enabled them to lay firm and deep the foundations of all these inestimable blessings.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thou wilt grant unto us grace that we may discharge the high trusts worthily that have been transmitted unto us. Standing here to-day upon this ground hallowed by the footsteps of our Puritan Fathers, we pray that Thou wilt inspire us with a portion of their heroism, that we may meet the conflict that awaits us in the advancing of those principles which they so clearly enunciated and so firmly established. O God, may not these institutions which we love so dearly pass into unworthy hands! Grant, we beseech Thee, our Father, that we may transmit them to our children, perfected and established by the wisdom which Thou shall grant unto us.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thou wilt give a special blessing upon all the exercises of this day, — this day when we look back over a quarter of a thousand years of history,

and rehearse the deeds of our fathers. We thank Thee, O Lord, for the holy men, and good men, and true men, that have laid the foundations of this government in the days gone by. We thank Thee for all that we enjoy through them. We pray, heavenly Father, that Thy blessing may rest upon this town, upon all the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers. We thank Thee, O Lord, for these schools that have been here established, and these seminaries, from which have gone forth, not only the sons and daughters of Ipswich, but the sons and daughters of other towns, to exert their influence upon the world, and to establish firmly the great principles of truth and liberty as they have received them by these firesides and in these schools.

O Lord, now we beseech Thee that Thou wilt bless this gathering. Bless every utterance that may be made here. Be with our servant who shall speak unto us of the history of this town. We beseech Thee that Thy blessing shall rest upon every word that shall be spoken in this gathering. Wilt Thou remember, and kindly wilt Thou regard, those friends and neighbors who have come here this day to celebrate this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of this town. O Lord, grant that we may go down from this place with our hearts inspired with a holy zeal, with firm and true patriotism, with a holy ambition and a strong endeavor to make our lives useful, and that they may be full of service for the generations which are to come, and may rise up and call us blessed, as we call the fathers blessed who have gone before us. And the glory we will give to Thee, the Father, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

President Haskell. — The next item on the programme — a poem by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford — will be deferred until afternoon. A poem will now be read by the Rev. J. O. Knowles, D.D.

POEM.

IN other climes and other days
The poets in their tuneful lays
Have sung their native country's praise
Right royally,
And moved the men of after-years
To deeds heroic, or to tears;
And made them, spite of foes or fears,
Act loyally.

Their living words have conquered fate,
And made the deeds of all the great
The proudest trophies of the State,
And richest dower;
And made the spots forever bright
Where heroes dared to do the right,
And faced the wrong, though mailed in might
And kingly power.

In rhythmic lines we see again
The beauties of the mountain glen,
Or walk within the gloomy fen
With Scotland's bard,
Or wander on its heath plains wide,
Or cleave Loch Levin's tawny tide,
Or climb Ben Nevis' rocky side
By tempests scarred.

Again the Greeks rejoice to see
The glimmer of the welcome sea;
Again at old Thermopylæ
The Spartan braves

Roll back the swarms of Xerxes' host,
Humble the proud invader's boast,
And glorify their native coast
With patriot graves.

But time would fail the tale to tell
Of running stream or barren fell,
Of mountain-pass or shady dell
Sacred in song,
Of Swiss or Saxon, Hun or Celt,
Whose souls the thrill of freedom felt,
That nerved their sturdy arms that dealt
Death-blows to wrong.

Scarce humbler men we sing to-day,
Scarce humbler deeds these lines display,
Than those of other bards the lay
In ages past;
For every test applied to men
To measure greatness now or then
Declares our fathers to have been
Of merit vast.

Small need is there our limping verse
Should trace their lives' heroic course,
And to our age their fame rehearse
In fulsome strain;
For never since the world began,
And deeds in widening currents ran,
Have men endured the more for man
His rights to gain.

What though we read of fairer skies,
And vineclad hills that higher rise,
And greener fields to greet the eye
Than these they loved!

We know our skies are fair and bland,
Our hills in modest beauty stand,
Our fields spread wide on every hand,
In verdure clothed.

Our old town lies beneath the hill;
Its shady streets are wide and still;
Its river murmurs past the mill
As years increase;
The church and school retain their place,
While on the whole a quiet grace
Rests like God's blessing on the race
In sweetest peace.

I have searched through the records with sedulous ken
To learn all that I could of those venturesome men
Who first built their rude homes on this since famous spot,
And divided these lands to their households by lot;
But I find that their part in founding a State
Kept them too busy by far their deeds to relate.

I suppose those old chaps had a very hard time
As they worried life through in this rigorous clime;
And I dare to presume it is not very rash
If I say they often were hard up for cash;
That their mud chimneys *would* smoke, and their whitest chicks
Would quite often "peg out" with the old-fashioned pips.
Then there were the measles, and the big whooping-cough,
And ugly warts on their hands they could not get off;
And, besides other troubles that pestered their brats,
They had family jars and connubial spats,
With precisely the same little bother and fret
Their unfortunate descendants struggle with yet.

What fun it would be could we only restore
The picture, now faded, of years gone before! —

The wheel and the distaff; the cradle and chair;
The queer Mother Hubbard, and nicely puffed hair;
The bright pewter platters that answered for tin;
The hole in the door for the cat to get in;
The pot-hooks and trammels that hung from the crane,
The pots and the kettles attached to the same;
The wide fireplace with the mantel above it,
On this side an oven, on that side a closet;
The bellows, the shovel, the poker and tongs,
And each hung up or standing where it belongs;
The queer sprawling creatures they dubbed fire-dogs,
That bravely stood under their backload of logs;
The musket and cow's horn hung on rude brackets;
The corner beyond with its homespun jackets;
The dames with their kerchiefs and caps white as snow;
The men's hair in pigtails, each tied with a bow:
All would strike us as odd, and force us to grin
At the queer little world these queer folks were in;
And yet, after all, there might be much more grinning
If they could see us with *our* follies and sinning.

Some grumbling old heathen, I 've forgotten his name,
Said, "For all the world's mischief, some woman 's to blame;"
But his speech would have been a great deal exacter,
Had he said, "In human affairs she 's chief factor."
All know Mother Eve in the very beginning
Susceptible Adam beguiled into sinning;
While Adah and Zillah, each but half of a wife,
Made muddle and torment of old Lamech's life.
But time will allow me but a brief allusion
As I dump them all in in a careless confusion:
There were Rebecca and Jane and old Keturah,
Rachel, Ophelia, and prophetess Deborah,
Abigail and Mary, and grandmother Eunice,
Zenobia, who queened it outside of Tunis;
And Helen of Troy, the most winning of ladies;
And that other Helen, the mother of babies;
There were Huldah and Ruth, and Mehitable too,
And wicked old Jezebel, whom the eunuchs slew;

Phœbe and Lois, Trypheua and Tryphosa,
(I must not forget the maid of Saragossa,)
Elizabeth, Priscilla, Betsy, and Hannah,
Isabella, Victoria, and Susannah ;
Xantippe the scold, who blew up old Socrates ;
Pocahontas, the maid with feet in moccasons ;
Jerusha, Jemima, and old Mother Carey
Whose chickens will never fly over the prairie ;
And gay Cleopatra, whose *post mortem* fame is
Not greater than that of the great Semiramis.
Now here I should add names of ladies of worth
Who blessed the first years of this place of our birth.
But recorders were just a little bit blind,
Or bachelors crusty, who wives could not find ;
For scarce has a woman had mention or place —
Except note of the death that comes to the race.
To snatch her in part from oblivion's grave
One woman's short story old John Winthrop gave,
As worth recording for the years to come,
Because, though blind and deaf, and also dumb,
She still, in spite of Nature's cruel dealing,
The names of men could tell by sense of feeling.
Yet even here is evidence completest
That man, and not the woman, is the weakest ;
For, had she chanced to be of man's estate possessed,
No woman's name by any sense could have been guessed.

That the women of our early history may this day have their due share of honor, I offer the following sentiment : —

Here 's to the women of the olden time, —
The women strong and brave and true,
Who bore the rigors of this northern clime :
To them are chiefest honors due.
They were no courtly dames in raiment fine,
With gems their tresses gleaming through ;
Theirs was the robing of a faith sublime,
That made them strong and brave and true.

Here 's to the women of the olden day, —
The wives and sisters true and sweet,
Who walked with even steps in virtue's ways:
For them are stintless honors meet.
They were no trillers, trilling lightsome lays,
With lovelorn victims at their feet:
Theirs were the songs of faith and holy praise
That made them women true and sweet.

Here 's to the women now beneath the sod, —
The mothers tender, wise, and good,
Who taught their children love and faith in God,
By which they brave in danger stood.
The paths of righteousness they humbly trod,
With love restraining natures rude:
Their strength was virtue and a faith in God,
That made them tender, wise and good.

I now change the measure, theme, and so forth,
And adopt the well-known style of Woodworth.

How dear to my heart are the names heard in childhood,
When fond recollection decrees their review!
The Caldwells and Treadwells, and a tall Underwood,
And all the old codgers my early days knew,
The flock of the Shatswells, the Lanes who lived near them,
The Russells and Rosses where the pudding-bag split,
The Perleys and Potters, with Nourses to rear them,
Are the names of some people I heard when a chit.
The old-fashioned titles, the time-honored titles,
The names of the people I heard when a chit.

The Kimballs and Cogswells are names heard with pleasure,
And Baker and Kinsman and Conant as well;
The Browns, Smiths, and Wades, with the Waits, fill this measure,
And make room for Appletons, Dodges, and Bell,

The Willcombs, the Farleys, the Haskells, and Goodhues,
The Heards, the Hodgkinses, the Clarks, and the Millers,
The Colburns and Choates, Cowles and Perkins crews,
The Lakemans, the Willetts, the Rusts and the Spilliers —
The old-fashioned titles, the time-honored titles,
The names of the people I heard in my youth.

How sweet to old crones in some kitchen's warm corner
To call up the names Ellsworth, Sutton, and Wise,
And tell of the pranks of Lord, Manning, or Warner,
In the days when they dazzled their girlish eyes!
And now, far removed from the home of my childhood,
Of Harrises, Dunnells, and Newmans I hear,
With Averills, Fellowses, and Fosters as good,
The names of the people once sweet to my ear —
The old-fashioned titles, the time-honored titles,
The names of the people still sweet to my ear.

I conclude with a short walk, very abruptly ended: —

And now, fellow-townsmen, it is well to suggest,
That before we lie down on our pillows to rest,
We walk through our village, and out on our plains,
To find the old spots with their wonderful names,
And more wonderful legends of red men or white,
The ears of our childhood that filled with delight.
Among these old scenes we will wander at will,
Beginning our walk here on "Meeting-house Hill."
Here rose the first temple of praise and of prayer,
And here were the pillory, stocks, and the chair
In which the women who dared to arouse
The town with their tongues were given a souse.
Here also paraded, when the hamlet was young,
A slanderous vixen, a split stick on her tongue;
Here the grave ruling elders of Church and of State
Together held counsel o'er interests great;
And here came the people on days for election,

With beans black and white to make their selection
As they dropped them into the box : so it seems
They who counted those ballots had to know beans.
And now lift up your eyes : there, verdant and still,
Is the playground of childhood, — the old "Town Hill."
We pass, on our way leading down to the valley,
The street that our fathers called "Pussy-cat Alley."
Not to tax our pedal extremities hard,
We will leave on our right our famous "Shipyard,"
And, rather than put our rhymes out of joint,
Just mention that down there lie "Nabby's Point,"
The "Diamond Stage" that never had wheels,
And "Labor in Vain," too crooked for eels.
To climb once more the well-remembered hill,
"Hog Lane" ascending, helps our footsteps still.
At length we reach the summit, and there comes
To sight an isle of sand and pines and plums ;
This side the river, with its branching creeks ;
And, fairer than the Euxine to the Greeks,
Beyond, the ocean rises to the view,
And ceaseless rolls its waves of liquid blue.

Why need we weary our old limbs with toil?
Let eyes, not feet, now march about our soil :
At first and landward seek the landscape's brim,
And count the verdant hills that shut it in.
See "Great Neck," where they pasture sheep and lambs,
It verges the famous camping-grounds for clams ;
See "Heartbreak," where in vain a maid sought lover ;
And "Jewett's," "Prospect," "Eagle," "Boar," and "Plover."
To climb on "Turkey Hill," our old-time strength is o'er ;
We 'll be content to waddle round on "Turkey Shore."

What famous spots within this landscape lie,
Which spreads its lights and shades before the eye! —
"New Boston," where we gobbled cherries ;
And "Bull Brook," where we picked our berries ;
And "Pine Swamp," where we tramped from morn till late,
To find at dusk our homeward road at "Red Gate."

If our eyes are as sharp as we claim them to be,
There 's "Hogtown" and "Firetown" and "Fly-town" to see,
And "Linebrook" and "Goose Village," with "Goshen" beyond,
But never the least glimpse of old "Baker's Pond."
We cannot forget those bright days, if we would,
When we travelled for fun to old "Candlewood;"
The whole town to us was filled full of charms,
From "Little Comfort" away across to the "Farms."

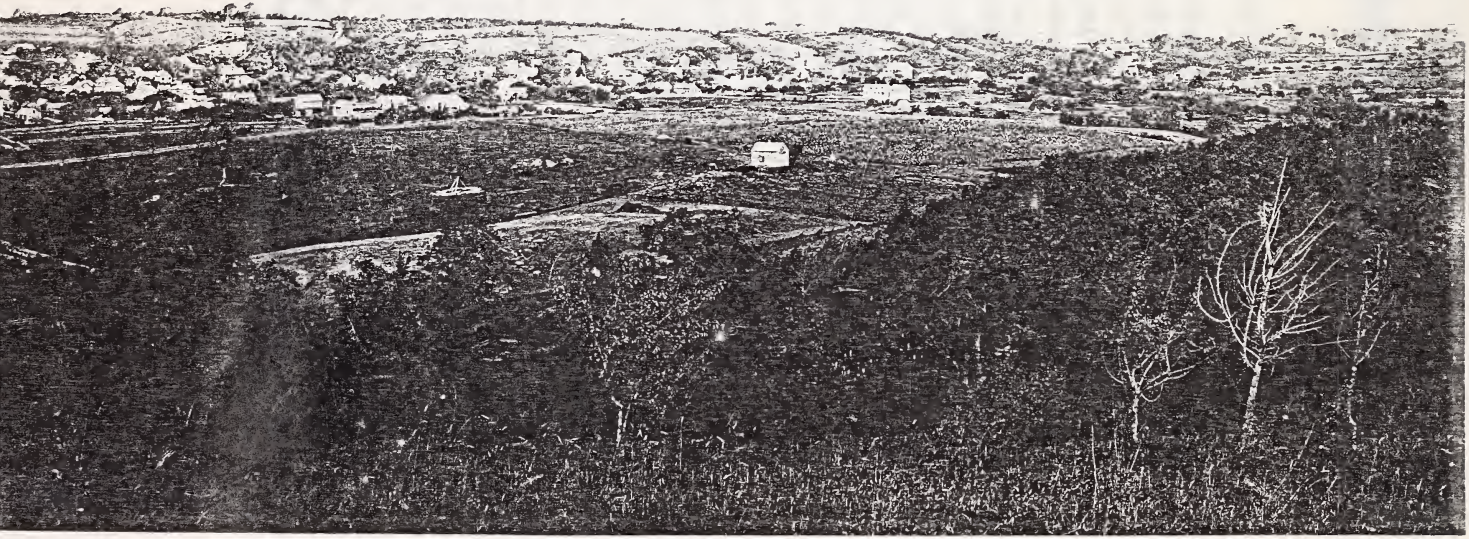
We turn our eyes below, and at our feet,
Elm-shaded, lies in peace old "Pudding Street,"
So named because a pudding hard and dry
Was stolen by some tipsy passers-by.
These later years from vulgar names have shrunk,
And called it "High" because the thieves were drunk.

But we must pause. The memories of the past,
Like ocean tides, are rising deep and fast.
Below are corners, streets, and pleasant nooks
That charmed our willing hours away from books,
And space supplied for play, or shade for rest,
In days agone, our sweetest and our best.

Having brought you in my rhymes to the top of this old hill, and to look lovingly down on our grand old mother-town, I am sure you will allow it is just the place to stop.

The choir sang DUDLEY BUCK'S anthem, "Praise the Lord."

PRESIDENT HASKELL. — Your attention is now asked to an address by the Rev. JOHN C. KIMBALL of Hartford, Conn.



HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

THE EVOLUTION OF A NEW ENGLAND TOWN.

TWO hundred and fifty years ago to-day, as our president has already said, it was ordered by the General Court of Massachusetts that "Agawam shall be called Ipswitch;" and this act, the modest christening of our infant town, born here in the wilderness seventeen months before, we, its children and grandchildren, have met now to celebrate.

Two hundred and fifty years of municipal life! Measured with the antiquity of many towns in the Old World, with the two hundred and fifty thousand years of man's probable abode on earth, and with the vast periods since the earth itself emerged from its swaddling-clothes of fire-mist, they are, of course, only the merest point of time, hardly worthy of a passing glance in the antiquarian's backward-looking thought; but measured by events and by the development of the world's finer life, they are hardly less than all the vast ages, counted or uncounted, that stretch behind them to the farthest rim of time. When John Winthrop and his twelve companions made their first voyage here from Boston, if they had ever heard of Copernicus and his new theory of the sun and earth, or of Galileo and the wonders of his "Tuscan optic glass," or of Harvey and his circulation of the blood, or of Lord Bacon and his Novum Organum, it was only as far-off rumors, not coloring in the slightest degree their actual thought. The chief part of all our great discoveries in science and art, and of all our grand ideas about liberty, self-government, toleration, and the rights of man, and not only this, but our whole existing way of looking at the universe, — at nature, man, life, religion, everything, as under the reign of constitutional law

rather than of personal will, have been brought to light since their day. And in passing from the Ipswich of 1884 back to the Ipswich of 1634, we pass from the modern to the ancient, from the noisy Now, with its telegraph and steam-engine, to

> "Those silent halls
> Where lie the bygone ages in their palls,"

almost as completely as in going to the birthday of a town which had counted its thousand years.

But why should we go back at all into the past? why take any more notice of this day than of any other in the town's history? why not heed those who tell us that regard for the olden time is a foolish sentiment; that what we need to study is not our ancestors, but ourselves; and that the truly progressive community is the one which spends its money in building up factories rather than monuments, and in opening workshops rather than tombs? It is a question which receives a most satisfactory answer from one of those very sciences, that of evolution, which has come up in our own time. The past is found under its teaching to be one of the mightiest of all factors in making the present; the study of our ancestors, to be the surest of all ways by which to know ourselves. The Ipswich of to-day, its fields, factories, churches, and schools, and its living men and women, are only the leaves and blossoms of a tree whose root, trunk, and branches are the Ipswich of the past, as impossible to be lived and understood without it, as those of our gardens would be, if severed from their parent stem. We work, worship, and believe, even the most radical of us, not with our own strength, faith, and devotion alone, but with those, also, of our buried sires. It is because the truth-seekers of our age stand on the shoulders of all the truth-seekers of the past, rather than because of their own tallness, that they see so well the new truths of our time. And when our three hundred and forty-seven Ipswich soldiers went forth in the late Union war to defend their country and the cause of liberty on new battlefields, it was the courage, patriotism, and liberty-loving of all the

heroes out of the grand old town who had fought the battles of the Revolution, marched to the siege of Louisburg, and faced under woods and stars the Indian tomahawk in days gone by, that again, side by side with their own valor, flashed in their eyes, thrilled in their hearts and blazed in their guns.

> "Words pass as wind; but where great deeds are done
> A power abides, transfused from sire to son:
> The boy feels deeper meanings thrill his ear,
> Which, tingling through his pulse, lifelong shall run
> With sure impulsion to keep honor clear,
> When, pointing round, his father whispers, 'Here,
> Here where we stand, stood they, the purely great —
> Then nameless, now a power, and mixed with fate.'"

And as every farmer knows that digging in the earth among the roots of his trees is one of the surest ways by which to increase and enrich their fruit up among the branches, so our town's money and time spent to-day in digging among the memories of its two hundred and fifty bygone years are not for a pleasant holiday merely, or for the gratification of an idle curiosity alone, but are what will show themselves better than by any other use in its richness and growth through all the years to come.

Moreover, the fact that our town has grown up from its past to be only a small community, and that it remains still not a city, but only a town, makes it all the worthier of being thus commemorated and studied. What Tennyson says of a single flower is equally true of a single town: —

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower; but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

The towns of New England are its municipal flowers, the things to know which is to know what in all government is

alike the most human and the most divine. It was within their limits that was first tried on American soil the great experiment of a free commonwealth; by their hand that was organized, as never before, the now famous principle of "a government of the people, by the people, for the people;" in their school that Liberty learned to read and write not a few of the grand words with which so often since she has thrilled all humanity's heart; out of their ideal, moulded in miniature, that was afterwards carved the colossal grandeur of the whole republic. De Tocqueville well says, "The impulsion of political activity was given to America in its towns;" Freeman, that "the present greatness of our Confederation is mainly owing to the littleness of its municipal beginnings;" Gordon, that "every town is an incorporated republic;" and Professors Hosmer of St. Louis, and Adams of the Johns Hopkins University, who have made special studies of this subject, that "its towns are the primordial cells of our body politic," and that "the reproduction of the old English town system under our New England colonial conditions is one of the most curious and instructive phenomena of American history." The fact is, no one can understand the real nature and value of a democracy, no one especially the foundation principles of our own government, who does not understand its New England towns; and among them all there is none in which these characteristics are more complete and the processes of their growth more distinct, none which has a fairer record, or that will pay better for being studied, than our own beautiful Ipswich.

"Whatever moulds of various brain
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,
Whate'er made empires wax or wane,
To him that hath not eyes in vain
Our village microcosm can show."

And so, as a subject valuable in itself, and appropriate for this occasion, I want to speak of the forces concerned in the planting and development of Ipswich as a characteristic New England town, not of its municipal structure alone, for

this is only its skeleton, but of all that relates to its life and spirit, and that has helped to give it a flesh-and-blood reality.

I. First, as to its ORIGINAL STOCK. There is no denying that blood tells in the making of a community even more than in the making of an individual. North America planted with Spaniards would have been South America in spite of all that points of compass and parallels of latitude could have done. When civilization decided to try its experiment of a new nation on these western shores, it asked humanity first of all for its very best seed with which to do it; and most nobly did humanity respond to the call. As old William Stoughton expressed it in his election sermon in 1668, "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness," nay, more than that, he sifted for this purpose a whole race. Its settlers were not only of English blood, but of the old Aryan stock. For five thousand years before they reached these shores, they had been on their westward travels. All Northern Europe bore the rich marks of their Pilgrim feet; and, when they undertook to conquer the wilderness here, they had in their veins the strength, courage, and manhood which had already conquered a score of wildernesses there.

The detachment of them which settled among our own hills — John Winthrop and his twelve companions in 1633, a hundred others with their families a year after, and at the end of fifteen years a thousand in all — shared to the fullest extent the qualities of this original New England stock. Old Cotton Mather said in 1638, that "here was a renowned church, consisting mostly of such illuminated Christians that their pastors, in the exercise of their ministry, had not so much disciples as judges;" and Johnson, eight years later, in his "Wonder-Working Providence," wrote, "The peopling of this town is by men of good ranke and quality, many of them having the yearly revenue of large lands in England before they came to the wilderness." Prominent among them were such personages as General Samuel Appleton, at once

a brilliant civilian and a brave Indian fighter; Anne Dudley Bradstreet, a genial, cultivated woman and New England's first poetess; Rev. Thomas Cobbett, a leading divine, mighty alike in prayer with God and in logic with man; Major-General William Denison, a valued soldier, scholar, statesman, and man of affairs alike in the colony and in the town; Nicholas Easton, an early freethinker, who afterwards, as a prominent citizen of Newport, R.I., gave his name to its now fashionable beach; Giles Firmin, the quaint old physician, whose affections were equally divided between "physick and divinitee;" William Hubbard, the well-known historian of early New England; John Norton, a celebrated minister, theologian, and scholar, well "studied in arts and tongues," author of the first Latin book ever printed in America, a member of the noted Cambridge synod, and so eloquent a preacher, that one of his admirers used to walk thirty miles to hear his voice; the Rogers family, descendants of the great Smithfield martyr, and one of them in later years president of Harvard University; Samuel Symonds, for a long time deputy governor of the Commonwealth, and, with his wife Rebekah, a leader of the Colony's social life; Richard Saltonstall, America's first abolitionist; Francis Wainwright, a leading business man; and Nathaniel Ward, equally distinguished as author, preacher, jurist, and scholar, whose "Simple Cobbler of Agawam" has long been our town's ancient classic, and whose "Body of Liberties" the foundation-stone of our State's independent sovereignty. Their names and deeds are among New England's historic treasures. Not another town in the Commonwealth could show a brighter list. They brought wisdom, energy, and dignity to the shaping of affairs at home; and under their influence Ipswich for a whole generation had a leading voice with the Colony at large on the field of war, in the ecclesiastical synod, and at the General Court.

It was a stock, to be sure, which, so far as its own direct members were concerned, immediately afterwards almost entirely disappeared. That intellectual dark day which came

over all the rest of New England in its second and third generations was experienced likewise here. And though the town has never been without a fair number of worthy citizens, though in the Revolution it had its Farley, Wade, Hodgkins, Wigglesworth, and Dane, and in later years its Dana, Frisbie, Oakes, Manning, Hammatt, Heard, Choate, Lord, and Shatswell, they were mostly of other connections, and no one will claim that it can show a list now which will compare at all for eminence with that of its earliest generation; so that it would seem at first glance as if blood had been only a very slight force in the town's evolution, and its children no indication of how noble was

"The planting of its parent tree."

But Nature's method of using blood is not that of confining it to a few special families. It is intensely democratic. Its object is to build up the race; and it uses here precisely the same methods and principles that it does in building up a continent. We all know how it is in the natural realm. First a great mountain-chain is thrown up high above the sea; then winds, rains, snows, frosts, suns, waves, all the powers of nature, begin to wear down its peaks, and spread their material out on a common level. By and by there is another upheaval, but in a different place, then another wearing-down; and the process goes on till at last we have not any individual mountains so high as those at first, but a whole continent rich in soils, waving with harvests, and filled with life. So with the human race. First a few great families are thrown up with talents far above their fellows. But the next step is not to lift their children still higher up, but — by marriage, emigration, the use of their vitality for the common weal, a thousand subtle influences — to wear them down and to mingle their blood with that of the common people, lifting them all up. By and by comes a new series of mountain souls, not this time the old Endicotts, Denisons, and Winthrops, but an Otis, Adams, Henry, Warren, and Washington, fresh out of the people; then the same wearing-down in the next generations; and by

and by, in some great social convulsion, another series, this time a Sumner, Phillips, Garrison, Farragut, and Lincoln, used in a like way; and at last we have, not a few great families towering in splendor to the skies, with the rest only mudsills at their feet, but a whole race lifted above the sea of appetite and passion, waving with the rich harvests of civilization, and filled with a diviner life.

It is in this way precisely that the good blood of its first settlers has counted in the growth and development of our town. We have not the old families with us; but we do have the old virtues. They are not concentrated in a few individuals, but scattered far and wide in the whole community. The sum of intelligence, morals, public spirit, social courtesy, and domestic worth, is greater now — all statistics show it — than it ever was before. And who shall say that this is not real progress? Who say, in spite of Carlyle, that a community of three thousand good men and women on the level of our common humanity is not worth more in the sight of God and of a true civilization than one of thirty families lifted into prominence, and all the others left in ignorance? who, that we ought not to honor the fathers of our town most of all to-day, because they have transmitted their virtues, not to their own children exclusively, but impartially to all its citizens?

II. Passing now from the seed to the soil, from the people to the PLACE ITSELF as an agency in its development, a factor known in science as "the influence of the environment," its site seems from the very start to have attracted attention. The famous Captain John Smith, sailing along the New England coast in 1614, was struck with "the many rising hills of Agawam." The Pilgrim Fathers heard of it in 1620 as a desirable locality where to found a settlement. Governor John Winthrop declared in 1632 that it was "the best place for cattle and tillage in the land." Wood, in his "New England's Prospect," written shortly after, described it as "abounding in fish and flesh, meads and marshes,

plain ploughing-ground, and no rattlesnakes;" and Johnson in 1646 referred to it as situated on "a faire and delightful river," and as having "very good land for husbandry."

But these favorable descriptions are only comparative, and must not blind us to the fact that when Masconomet, sagamore of Agawam, its old Indian chief, sold it for twenty pounds to John Winthrop, it was essentially in a state of nature, and of nature not as we think of it to-day, — "a realm of shaven lawns, pleasant groves, bowers of honeysuckle and rose, babbling streams, and lowing herds," civilized, poetic, and uplifting, a friend of man, — but nature savage, wild, and dreary, man's bitter foe. In the centre of the town for many years was a huge swamp. The soil, except at the few openings cultivated by the Indians, was covered with a dense forest, not only living trees, but the accumulated rubbish, through long ages, of their dead and fallen companions. Where the river now winds as a thread of silver through the emerald meadows was a thick morass, described by an early writer as "famous for bears." There were no bridges, and no roads, only Indian paths creeping through the forests, so imperfect, even after the road to knowledge had been opened, that an Ipswich boy going to Harvard College, in 1666, lost his way, and was out in the woods all night. Then, worse than any material discomforts and savagery was the very atmosphere of the wilderness itself, gloomy, harsh, and weird. Imagination lent new horrors to reality, and as Edward Everett graphically says, describing New England as a whole, besides the actual dangers which beset its settlers from howling wolf and ravening bear, "unearthly cries were sometimes heard in the crackling woods; glimpses were caught at dusk of animals for which natural history had no names; and strange footmarks, of which men did not like to speak, were seen in the winter's snow."

Is it any wonder that our fathers, environed with such influences as these, should have been borne down at first by their awful weight? Any wonder that their stock in the

second and third generations should seem to have degenerated, that their religion assumed new sternness and gloom, and that a delusion like the Salem witchcraft threw over them its bewildering blight? Any wonder that their town, with the cessation of its European immigration, should apparently come to a stand in its growth?

But these darker effects were only for a while. Its settlers, animated with the courage, grit, skill, and industry which ages of like war had incorporated into their Aryan blood, went to work to subdue their huge foe, repeating on these western shores, under other names, the battles against the great nature giants which their Norse ancestors had sung in the legends and imagery of the weird Scandinavian mythology a thousand years before. Beginning in our own town at Jeffries' Neck, and working their course up the river as the only practical highway, they built their houses and homes along its bank, cleared a space back of it for their gardens and fields, holding much of the land at first in common, and established on the hill their church and school. The sound of the axe, sharpened with its owner's "ancestral feud of trees," rang bravely through the woods. The soil, unclothed of the forest, was taught to nourish at its dark breast, side by side with its own Indian corn, a large foster family of European grains, — barley, wheat, oats, and rye. The Indian trail was converted, with many an argument of gravel, to a Christian road. The fair river, dallying hitherto loosely with the shore, was wedded to its embraces with a proper bridge. The matted and tangled vales were combed and brushed, and freed from vermin with the plough and harrow, and the crack of musket-balls. The shaggy-browed hills, shorn of their locks by the clicking axe, had their heads baptized with honest Puritan names. And thus year by year, and little by little, the rough possibilities of the savage Agawam were wrought into the charming realities of the civilized Ipswich. Among the many instructive features of our town-records, not the least valuable are their references every now and then to the various stages of this physical growth, — the five shillings apiece paid at first for all the

wolves' heads nailed up on the meetinghouse-door (how much more attractive, doubtless, to the boy attendants than the heads of the long sermons!); the laying-out and improvement of the various roads, not, indeed, so direct and scientific as the ones begun now,

1779158

"Vexing McAdam's ghost with pounded slate,"

yet richer, how much! in historic suggestiveness and in real artistic beauty, following, as they did, the trail, ages old, of wild Indians and wild beasts, winding, as they had to, around the hills, and along the streams, and made, as they were, by each man's working on them with his own hands; the existence of the Common Lands, the historic tap-root of the town idea, running deep down into the buried centuries amid the mould of old Teutonic forests; the laws and customs connected with their use, full of value as being the same toe-marks on the soil that our ancestors made all over Northern Europe as the record of their wanderings there ages before they came to America;[1] and their final surrender by the commoners to the town to pay its Revolutionary debts, a most honorable act; the names given to our different localities, some of them, as Goose Village, Turkey Shore, Hog Lane, and Pudding Street, not remarkably romantic and high-sounding, though with one exception, in Heartbreak Hill, yet all honestly significant, and in reason's ear rejoicing far more than the sentimental titles, with no appropriateness at all, attached so often to other places; the building of the famous stone bridge

"That filled the county with renown,
And did with honor Ipswich crown,
Whose beauty and magnificence
Considering the small expense,"

as its poet finely said, were unequalled by any ever done before; the gathering around it, when completed, of its opponents and sceptics fully expecting to see its arches, as they had predicted,

[1] See Professor H. B. Adams's valuable paper published in the Johns Hopkins University Studies on the Germanic Origin of New England Towns.

crash down, with the first test of a loaded team, into the river below, and the saddled horse of Colonel Choate, its builder, secreted near by, ready to gallop him away from their inevitable "I told you so's" in case the prophecy should be fulfilled, so doubtful was the experiment; the difficulty of getting the wooden bridge at Warner's Mills, the conclusive argument against it of one old gentleman being, "What would the rest of the country do afterwards for lumber?" so vast then was the undertaking; the narrowing of the town's domain by the dowry given to its two lovely daughters when they set up for themselves, — Hamilton, formerly "the Hamlet," in 1793, and Essex, formerly "Chebacco," in 1819; and the endless discussions in town-meeting about fences, lanes, lots, and gravel-pits, mingled with votes on the great doctrines of religion, and decisions on the foundation principles of government.

Looking at the town as it is to-day, at its busy stores, its pleasant homes, its smooth roads, its graceful elms, its fruitful fields, its noble hills, its lovely river, its convenient bridges, its woods prowled through by no beasts more deadly than the mosquito, and at its soil haunted by no ally of the Evil One more terrible than witch-grass, at this casket of nature so worthy of holding the jewel of civilization, and comparing it with its state at first, how can we do otherwise than be profoundly impressed with the immensity of the labor by which the result has been attained, — the weary hands which for two hundred and fifty years have cleared up swamp and field into beauty, and the busy brains which for eight generations have put their life and thought into dwelling, bridge, and street? We praise our fathers for what they have done in procuring our liberties, and establishing our institutions; and it is well. But they have done not less in building up the very soil on which we live; and, if there were nothing else to make us honor their memories to-day, we should have enough for it in every view of beauty before our eyes and in every rod of earth beneath our feet.

The material town, however, is only a part of the result of their struggle with nature; its outward beauty, only one of

the ways in which the influence of the environment has made itself felt. The outcome of action here, the same as everywhere else, has been twofold: one the visible Ipswich, its houses, streets, and fields; the other, the unseen town, its spirit, life, and character. Had our fathers found the place all ready made when they came to its shores, found a paradise here, and not a wilderness, it might have done for them some other special work, might have developed them into more luxury, refinement, and culture; but it would never have become a full New England town, never a fit atom in the body of a great republic. Cultivating the soil, the soil in turn cultivated them. Fighting Indians and bears, the Indians and bears taught them, when the time came, to fight Englishmen. The strength of the white-oak stumps they pulled out of the fields went into their arms and into their characters. Every blow struck in making a better road and better bridge was a blow struck also in making a better citizen. And, building up the outer town of wood and earth, the outer town reacted, and built one within of manhood and womanhood, — built that townly spirit without which the best streets, houses, and fields would be only as a fair body without a living soul.

III. But what inspired them to undertake this struggle with the wilderness? what strengthened and upheld them in carrying it on? Foremost of all and notoriously it was RELIGION; and looking at religion simply as an earthly force, to be judged of in the same way as all other earthly forces, by its effects, what a tremendous factor it has been in the evolution of our whole New England life! It began its work with the selection of the material for its settlement; it being naturally not the weak, the mercenary, and the conservative, but only the bravest, strongest, freest, most progressive souls, that would dare under its influence break the bonds of the past, encounter the opposition of an Established Church, and launch out on the sea of an untried faith, — just the ones with which to start a new world. Taking on the one side the form of religious persecution, and on the other the equally powerful one of re-

ligious persistence, it supplied between their action the one tremendous force that was needed to drive them away from the comforts of their old home to the privations of a far-off savage shore. Arrived on its borders, what else could have sustained them there, amid the awful toils and hardships of its wilderness life, but a sublime religious trust? And then, not content with merely teaching them to endure life till they should be called out of it into the kingdom of heaven, it went to work to create for them the kingdom of heaven right here among its pine-trees, Indians, wolves, and bears.

It was this influence which operated with all its force on the little band of men and women who laid the foundations of our own community. Their first act was to organize a church, — the ninth oldest in the Colony, and for a long time a leading one in all its affairs. A succession of able ministers — Ward, Norton, Cobbett, Hubbard, and the four Rogerses in the First Parish (the last a most remarkable case of natural apostolic succession), Dana at the South Parish, and Wise at Chebacco, men who would have been a glory to any place — filled their pulpits; Governor Winthrop himself, also, on one occasion, walking all the distance from Boston to "exercise among them in the way of prophecy." All the distinctive characteristics of Puritanism, — its two ministers, pastor and teacher, its deacons, its tithing-men, its timing of the preaching by the hour-glass, its seating of the men on the one side and the women on the other, its peculiar dress, its call to service by the drum-beat, its weapons stacked at the door, its long sermons (at least an hour, with salary shortened if the sermon was), its hard doctrines, and its rigid virtues — all these were to be found here in their grand completeness. "How many are the elect?" "Is the soul immortal before its union with Christ?" "Whether a person may not attain to sanctification, and yet be damned?" "Did God make hell when he did the rest of the universe?" "Will immersion here save from fire hereafter?" — these, mingled with politics, manners, and dress, were some of the topics preached upon, these their daily meat and drink. Everything was severe,

stern, square. There was no toleration allowed for differences of opinion — none, at least, outside of their own ranks. Ward writes, in his "Simple Cobbler of Agawam:" "It is said men ought to have liberty of conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them from it. I can rather stand amazed than reply to this. It is an astonishment to think that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance. No practical sin is so sinful as some error of judgment; no man so accursed with indelible infamy and dedolent impenitency as authors of heresie." And in harmony with this kind of teaching a poor Quaker-woman, Lydia Wardwell, stripped to the waist, was publicly whipped in front of the tavern, amid a large circle of men and boys; her naked breasts being torn by the rough post to which she was tied as she writhed beneath the blows. Everybody was obliged to attend church; the seven selectmen being ordered in one instance, 1661, to sell the farm of a man and woman who made distance from the sanctuary an excuse for their absence, and to move them within a more convenient reach of its blessed privileges — apparently a most arbitrary proceeding, but having politically a most powerful influence in evolving the town's unity.[1] No distinction was

[1] A good illustration of how things, which judged apart from their surroundings and at the standpoint of a later age seem harsh and uncalled for, are in their direct relations and for their own time exceedingly wise and proper. The great danger to which isolated settlers were then exposed, even when safe from other foes, was that of being overpowered by the wilderness around them, and relapsing into barbarism. In spite of all efforts to prevent it, there were some such stragglers. For instance, white settlers, among them Jeffries, owner of Jeffries' Neck, had evidently come to Ipswich before Winthrop's authorized settlement in 1633. But here, as in all other such cases, they seem to have become lost to civilization, and to have counted for nothing in the country's subsequent development. The early colonists were like an army marching through an enemy's territory, — safe only when kept in close ranks, yea, even then, as their degeneracy in the third and fourth generation shows, barely able to resist the touch of their awful foe. And it was a sense of this danger which led their leaders, as we have frequent evidence in the annals of Massachusetts, to be chary about forming new settlements, to hold those formed close together, and to recall parties who had wandered off too far from the main centres, — a course in which they were powerfully aided, as above, by their religion, which bound them fast to the meeting-house, and by their common lands, which enabled them, while cultivating large fields, to live in compact villages.

made at first between civil and ecclesiastical affairs; the same pages of the record containing votes about the removal of errors from religion and of rubbish from the roads, the salary to be paid for ministers and the bounty to be paid for wolves. The town and the parish, the town-house and the meeting-house, were all one, and that one the church. Only professing Christians were made freemen, and allowed to vote, and hold office. A person could not be a hog-reeve till he had experienced a change of heart. Fence-viewers, to be elected in town-meeting, had first to have been elected from all eternity in the counsels of heaven; and it was of no use for a man to aspire to be a town-crier who was not sound on the question of original sin; or the bugler to a training-band, if his moral trumpet gave "an uncertain sound." To make the town a small theocracy, and to keep the devil out of its corn by putting the Lord into all its fences — that everywhere was the aim.

It was an effort which in the nature of things could not be wholly successful. The people, having been nursed on the fine meal of conscience, found it hard to feed on the coarse grass of authority, even though its spears were raised in their own gardens; and so the records here, the same as in other places, are full of indications, that under the hard Puritan crust there lurked often the soft places both of heresy and of immorality. Two of the original twelve municipal apostles who came here with John Winthrop proved afterwards to be traitors to the cause of temperance. As early as 1639, eighty errors of doctrine were found to have crept into the Puritan

It was an instinct — or was it profound statesmanship, or, perhaps, both? — which has been fully vindicated by its results. The South, which had no Puritanism and no common lands, developed necessarily the country's southern type of society; and we owe not only the New England town, but with it a large element of our New England civilization, to this apparently arbitrary Puritan interference with individual liberty, so closely connected are often the profoundest principles and the most trivial events. A similar explanation is to be given of many other things in Puritan statesmanship which seem to us now utterly harsh and intolerant. They were the tyrannies of an hour, but the liberties of the ages; the bigotries of a religion, but the seeds of a civilization.

faith itself; so that it became a serious question who should keep the keepers. Henry Walton was fined five pounds in 1660 for saying he had "as lieve heare a dogg barke as Mr. Cobbitt preach," while shortly after Thomas Bragg and Edward Coggswell had to pay ten shillings apiece for "fighting in the meeting-house on the Lord's Day." Nicholas Easton declared that "all the elect had an indwelling devil" as well as "an indwelling Holy Ghost;" and when Roger Williams, "with a windmill in his head," and Anne Hutchinson, with a firebrand on her tongue, came along, proclaiming the great truths of toleration and religious liberty, they found some sympathizers even here in Ipswich. In 1664, other persons besides professing Christians having been admitted to the right of municipal voting, the separation of the town from the church began. With the increase of people and their spread into the out districts, new societies were necessarily formed, — four Congregationalist ones very early, at Chebacco, Linebrook, the Hamlet, and over the river, and a Methodist, Unitarian, and Episcopal one more recently at the centre, each not without the pangs of parturition in the mother-church; an increasing body, also, of the unchurched. And little by little the old Puritanism has been softened, broadened, and loosened into the charity, the liberality, and, it must be confessed, the indifferentism, of religion to-day.

Yet, with all the imperfections of Puritanism, no one can study our town-records, and not admit the grandeur of its work the same here as elsewhere, and on the community even more than on the individual. Winning the people into bondage to the church at home, it helped to free them from bondage to the king abroad. Failing in the virtues of charity, gentleness, and love, it excelled in those of honesty, purity, self-denial, and earnestness. It imparted to its adherents exactly those qualities which are needed as the foundation of a state, — sobriety, thoughtfulness, obedience to law, regard for the public good, and, best of all, a new moral fibre deep down in the soul itself. Even its sternness, bigotry, intolerance, and persecution had their vital uses in the community's

development, as, under evolution, we are beginning to learn, they always have. They were political rather than moral, defensive rather than offensive, the iron-hooped buckets with which to hold the waters of liberty to their own lips rather than the denial to others of the right to draw them up from the wells of God, the rough bark and sharp burs with which to keep the nut of the new civilization from being devoured before it was ripe by the animals of the outside world, — the same thing that we find in nature, — and not the instruments with which to force its sweetness on unwilling souls.

It is a system which has passed away now, and some mourn over its loss; think that because it was good once it would have been good always, and that the laxity of doctrine, falling-off of church attendance, and secularization of Sunday, which have taken its place, are an indication that religion itself in our old town is less than it was at first. But they, too, equally with its assailants, lose sight of God's higher truth. Disintegration, not less than integration, is a phase of religious growth, is only the crumbling of the barren rock with which to make the fruitful soil. The real essence of religion is here to-day just as truly as it was under Puritanism, only now, the same as with the virtues of our ancestors, it is spread through the life of the whole community rather than concentrated in a few hard doctrines. And as we owe the beauty and fertility of our natural town to the fact that a layer of hard granite was deposited here ages ago as a foundation, and that since then a large portion of it has been dissolved by the elements, and mixed up as our common earth, so we owe all that is fairest and best in its moral character to-day to the twin-fact that it had the old Puritan faith here to begin with, and that now a large fraction of it has been disintegrated into the dust of its daily life.

IV. With the separation of its civil from its religious affairs, its MUNICIPAL FACTOR, that is, the force concerned in its structure and organization as a political body, comes natu-

rally the next in order, a feature constituting, not, indeed, the whole town, yet a vital part of it, what the bones are to the animal economy, that on which all its other parts depend, and which, more than aught else, determines its species. And in studying this, too, we must go back to the Old World for its seed. Its fundamental idea — the meeting of the people to make their own laws, and the making of them in the very place where they were to be administered — was not a new creation on our own soil, as some have thought, but one brought to it in our Anglo-Saxon blood; was not made by Congregationalism, as some have said, but the town idea that made Congregationalism made also the Episcopal, Methodist, and Presbyterian polities, for they all have it as their common base. Simple as it now seems, it took centuries for its growth and the best blood of the race for its nourishment; can be traced back of America to England, and back of England to Northern Europe, and back of Europe to Western Asia and the Caspian Sea. Julius Cæsar found it in the forests of Germany among the Cimbri and Suevi, even in his day; and all through the history of the Teutonic races it has been the one leading idea which has antagonized that of kingship, and is the key to a large part of their wars and convulsions. The trouble was, however, that in the Old World it never had a really fair chance to unfold itself in actual practice, was kept down by the weight of tradition, by the power of the church, and by the ignorance and negligence of the people themselves. What it needed for its full development was a new and free field, a religion in sympathy with its spirit, and a popular soil rich enough to give it nourishment — all of which it found in the New England wilderness. And, brought to it in the cabins of the "Mayflower" and the "Arbella," it was just as inevitable that the government organized by their voyagers on these shores should take the town shape as that an apple-seed planted here should grow up an apple-tree; just as inevitable that it should become more perfect here than elsewhere as that an apple-tree in the broad country should be larger and richer than in the cramped and darkened city.

The operation of this fundamental idea in the growth and development of our own town is to be traced on every page of its records. As soon as the Colony, which at first was only a single extended town, became too large for the meeting of all its freeholders in Boston (that is, about 1664), Ipswich, in common with its other settlements, began the direct management of its own affairs,[1] its people coming together from time to time in a local meeting formally called, where each citizen, irrespective of wealth or station, had the same right as every other to speak and vote on all matters which came before it, — the most perfect democracy, with the single exception of its sex limit, that is possible on earth. And the town thus organized became at once a vital unit in the body politic, acting not only on its special local interests, but on the larger ones which it had as a part of the Colony, making its deputies at the General Court only the agents of its carefully expressed will at home, and joining heartily with the other towns in the struggle then impending against the tyranny of the mother-country.

Its history in this respect is exceedingly honorable. As early as 1685 it voted to a man that it did not want the colonial charter surrendered to Charles II. of England. In 1687, under the lead of its citizens, John Wise, then minister at Chebacco, John Appleton, John Andrews, Robert Kinsman, William Goodhue, and Thomas French, — six names which deserve to be immortal, — it voted to resist the tax of a penny on a pound which Andros, the royal governor, had levied upon it, because, as the record says, it "infringed their liberty as

[1] A most important and delicate step in the history of all the early towns of Massachusetts, — the evolution of the original homogeneous citizenship of our political solar system into its separate municipal worlds, — and as scientifically beautiful as when our physical earth went through a similar process. It differentiated the popular government, made it partly democratic and partly representative, or republican; was a normal phase in the development of our national Constitution; and the fact that it took place so readily and easily, and that the towns took charge of their own affairs so smoothly and wisely, shows how thoroughly politics, even then, had got into our New England blood, and how plainly our government, and indeed all government, is a natural evolution rather than a deliberate manufacture.

free English subjects of his Majesty, and the statute law that no taxes should be levied upon his subjects without the consent of an Assembly chosen by the freeholders for assessing the same;" for which vote its instigators were imprisoned and fined by the governor, — a vote a hundred years before the days of James Otis, yet which embodies almost exactly the great fundamental principle of the Revolution, so early out of this little town had reached the hand which defied the King of England on his throne, and before which at last all thrones are to go down. In 1755 it instructed its representative, Dr. John Calef, to do all in his power to maintain the charter-rights of the Colony against the encroachments of the English Parliament; for disobeying which, a little later, he was promptly rebuked, and another man, Michael Farley, with more of the true town spirit, put in his place. Its records all through the stormy period of the Revolution fairly bristle with patriotic votes, — the ordering that tea, "that pernicious weed," as it is called, should not be sold or used within its limits; the pledging the lives and fortunes of its inhabitants to support the Continental Congress in declaring the Colonies independent of Great Britain; and the repeated raising of money and troops with which to carry on the war. And since the recognition of the independence which it thus helped to secure, and the formation of the Federal Constitution which it voted to accept, down to our own times, when again and again it raised its quota of troops for the Union war, it is the town as a town that has shown itself a vital part of the state and the nation.

And how powerfully has all this reacted on the place itself! Its annual meetings for two hundred and fifty years have been its people's great school of citizenship. In the State House at Boston and in the Capitol at Washington, everything is necessarily done for the people and by their representatives; but here, and here alone, the people are brought face to face with their rights and duties, and made to decide upon them in their original capacity. Giving each man a voice and vote on all public questions has interested each one, as noth-

ing else could, in their study. Public spirit has been developed; and each man, while taught more and more to respect his own manhood, has been taught more and more to submit to the will of the majority, — two things equally essential in a true republic. Governor Andrew, somewhat derogatively, called our soldiers, when they went down to Bull Run at the beginning of the civil war, "a collection of town-meetings." And such, doubtless, they were. But the town-meetings in the end conquered the plantations. They went in at Bull Run, but they came out at Appomattox Court House; and we are a free country to-day very largely because our soldiers had had for generations the town-meeting training, had had that personal interest in its safety incorporated into their very blood, which in the long-run is mightier for its defence than any military discipline. There is no other organization which can take their place, no city charter, however needful it may be for large communities, which is not in some degree a separation of the people from the direct management of their municipal affairs, — a loss, therefore, of political training, and a source of political corruption. And so long as New England would keep its chief glory, the nation its most powerful safeguard, and liberty its oldest and surest embodiment, we shall honor, preserve, and magnify our town organizations, and with them, as their very life-centre, our town-meetings.

V. But, with every person a sovereign and a legislator, it is evidently needful that every person shall have some EDUCATION, so naturally do all these great factors go together, and equally evident that the public in some capacity must provide its means. It is a necessity which Ipswich recognized at a very early date. Within two years after its incorporation, it started a grammar-school, voting lands for its support, and appointing feoffees for its management; and this institution, aided by annual appropriations and by the generous Manning gifts of 1874, has developed into our magnificent High School of to-day, — one of the oldest in the country, and with a record equally long of noble service. Six years later, so early

that the children on their way to it had to be protected from the wolves, it voted that there should be an English free school — a slip from the tree of knowledge, doubtless at first very slender and imperfect, but out of which, nourished in later years by the State, has grown our whole system of common schools, one of New England's chiefest glories to-day, and as truly a part of the town as its houses and its hills. Fifty years ago, opening in 1826, its famous Young Ladies' Seminary was started, a pioneer in the cause of female education, which, under its able teachers, sent forth for years, not only thousands of pupils over the world at large, but a sweet, refining influence of priceless value all through the town itself. And then, from the very start, its citizens took an active interest in collegiate education. During the first fifty years after its settlement, it had not less than thirty-eight of its sons graduate at Harvard; and one of the most touching things in its records is the fact that in 1644 each of its families gave one peck of corn to Harvard University, and that in 1681 it put nineteen pounds' worth of grain on board of John Dutch's sloop, bound to Cambridge, for the same noble purpose — so early, in default of money, did the farmers here use the seed of the soil, garnered with their own hard hands, out of which to raise an institution of learning. It is worthy of notice, also, that the close connection of the schools with the town's very life was at the beginning fully recognized. The selectmen were especially enjoined to see that the children were taught to "understand the capital laws of their country;" and the reason given for making their support a public burden was that "skill in the tongues and liberal arts is necessary for the well-being of a commonwealth." It is well for us to keep this original purpose, too often forgotten, still in mind. Our public schools were instituted first of all, not to make scholars, or Christians, or business men, but to make citizens. It is the only ground on which their support can be fairly exacted from all religions and all people. And, no matter what else they teach, they will do their full work as a factor of the town and the state, only when their

foremost study is the laws of the land, and when their fruit from year to year is the golden one of every boy and girl out of them a patriotic, intelligent, and public-spirited citizen.

VI. But, while giving their due place to these higher elements in the building-up of a community, it will not do to forget one that both religion and philosophy have often despised and overlooked, yet which has more to do with some parts of its growth than all others, and that is its BUSINESS. John Winthrop relates, in his "History of New England," that a white man, being inquired of by an inquisitive Indian as to what are the first principles of a commonwealth, replied, "Salt is the first principle; for by means of it we keep our flesh and fish to have it ready when it is needed, whereas you, for the want of it, are often ready to starve. A second principle is iron; for thereby we fell trees, build houses, and till our land. A third is ships; for by them we send away such commodities as we have to spare, and bring home such as we lack." — "Alas!" said the Indian, "then I fear *we* shall never be a commonwealth; for we can neither make salt, iron, or ships." And Cotton Mather also tells the story, in his "Magnalia," that when a Puritan minister addressed a congregation of Marblehead fishermen, and exhorted them to get religion, otherwise the main end of their planting the wilderness would be lost, one of the fishermen spoke up and said, "You are mistaken, sir, you think you are preaching to the people of the Bay; but the main end of our planting Marblehead is to catch fish." The two answers are both significant. Salt, iron, and ships, with the other material things they represent, are, beyond question, one of the corner-stones of the Commonwealth; and among all the grand religious motives which animated our fathers in coming to America, it is not to be ignored, and not at all to their discredit, that many of them came largely to transact business, and to get here on earth an honest living. Money was put into their enterprises then with the hope of gain, the same as into stock companies now. Rev. John White was himself one of the shareholders in the

Massachusetts Company. Higginson and Skelton were paid to come over at the rate of forty pounds a year. With religion at the core, fisheries and fur were held out on either side as inducements in filling up their ranks. Ministers, turkeys, salt-makers, wheelwrights, seed-grain, pewter plates, brass ladles, quart-measures, hymn-books, and Bibles are among the items that composed the cargo of the "Arbella." The whole thing was conducted, not as a wild fanaticism, but on sound business principles, had its lofty Puritan sails reaching on high to catch the airs of the spirit-world upheld below with a ballast of sturdy English common sense. And it was this shrewd business energy of the early colonists, often lost sight of by their eulogists, as if somehow it was inconsistent with their exalted spiritual motives, — this, not less than their religious zeal, which made their undertaking a final success.

Ipswich seems at first to have shared fully in this business spirit. Houses were rapidly put up. Johnson speaks of them in 1646 as "very faire-built with pleasant gardens." Its rich soil opened to the sunlight was made, like the good ground of Scripture, to bring forth abundantly. The fishing business, "the apostles' own calling," as King James had piously named it, was carried on here, the same as elsewhere, very largely and lucratively; the incident being told, that the approaching settlers, while becalmed off the coast, on the "Arbella," "caught sixty-seven cod in two hours, some of them a yard and a half long and a yard round" — such was the tendency of fish even then, and on the sober Puritans, to excite the imagination. Clams appeared on the scene at a very early date, their digging being then, as often since, the one last ditch into which poverty could always retreat before yielding to starvation. Shipbuilding was soon started, both here and at Chebacco; mills were erected on the river for sawing lumber, and grinding grain; various branches of manufacture were entered upon; and a profitable trade in furs was opened with the Indians. One of the great difficulties encountered by all the early colonists in conducting

business was a lack of currency. This was shrewdly obviated in their dealings with the red men by the deliberate manufacture of wampum out of shells, the first fiat money probably ever known on the Continent, and a very early instance of Yankee ingenuity; but in dealing with each other they had to employ bullets, divided coin, bills of credit, and very largely farm-produce.

Under the influence of this active business spirit the town for seventy years developed rapidly both in prosperity and population. As early as 1639 the curious vote appears on its records, "that it refuse to receive Humphrey Griffin as an inhabitant, the town being full;" which means, however, not that it had no more room for Humphrey's body, but that all its land had been taken up. In forty years its population had increased to fourteen hundred. During the Revolution it was forty-five hundred. In 1670 it was spoken of, side by side with Boston, as "one of our maritime towns;" and at the end of its first hundred years its county valuation was second only to that of Salem. Then followed its long period of stagnation — business dead, commerce fled, houses dilapidated, and the great body of its people crusted over with conservatism, and content simply with hard work to earn their daily bread, till finally the chief thing that poetry and business could say of it, even with their combined effort, was —

> "In Agawam, a wondrous place
> For knitting socks and bobbin-lace,
> For river curving through the town,
> Where alewive nets scoop up and down,
> Feeding a factory, and distils,
> And saw, and grist, and fulling mills."

It was a state of things which lasted till the end of its second hundred years. Then came the railroad-train skilfully flanking the bar to commerce Nature had placed at the mouth of its river, and opening a new artificial port on dry land right at its heart; then with it all the wonders of modern discovery and invention, sending into its veins their

quickening life. And to-day, with two hundred and fifty years on its brow, it stands forth, not a city, not a commercial metropolis, not a large manufacturing place, but an active, healthy, up-with-the-times New England town, radiant with all the combined beauty of ripened age and vigorous youth.[1]

Is this failure of its early business promise wholly to be regretted? A certain amount of trade is indeed necessary for a town's development; but who will say that a line of huge factories along our river, with their smoke and din, their close corporations and their foreign workmen, neither having any interest or root in our traditions, their petty tyrannies of agent and overseer, and their wide contrasts of wealth and poverty, would have made it really a better town? The true business of every community is not to make cloth or machinery, but to make manhood and womanhood; not to raise wheat and corn, but to raise souls; not to have commerce with Europe or Asia alone, but with all the realms of thought

[1] The recent outward growth of the town is indicated somewhat by the following statistics, showing that it is not spasmodic or over rapid, but normal and healthy: —

Its population in 1860 was 3,349; in 1870, 3,674; in 1880, 3,699; in 1884, about 3,900.

Its number of voters in 1860 was 714; in 1870, 786; in 1880, 877.

Its taxable valuation of real and personal estate was in 1860, $1,332,719; in 1870, $1,632,488; in 1884, $1,961,545.

Its taxable valuation of real estate alone, a much better indication of actual growth, was, in 1860, $932,597; in 1870, $1,125,841; in 1884, $1,494,372.

Its money raised for town expenses was, in 1860, $10,483.19; in 1870, $16,939.30; in 1884, $23,664.76.

Its tax-rate for 1860 was $8.15 per thousand; for 1870, $14.50 per thousand; for 1884, $13.50 per thousand.

But its most striking and valuable recent growth has been in the public spirit of its citizens and in the change of its policy with regard to public improvements. New streets have been laid out; new schoolhouses built, and two new bridges thrown across the river. Its town-hall has been remodelled into a spacious and commodious edifice; its ancient graveyard enlarged and beautified into what will prove one of the loveliest cemeteries of the country; a new ambition aroused to make private premises contribute to the good look of the town; and the common talk of the people has become that of pride and hopefulness in its prospects and its possibilities.

and life. It is only a varied industry, only a business which appeals to all the faculties and powers of our nature, only churches and schools, pleasant homes and beautiful scenes, blended with factories and workshops, which can accomplish these higher results. And an industry of this kind Ipswich has always had. Even in its darkest days, even in its times when it has sent forth little grain and cloth into the world, it has sent forth richly its men and women. All its natural advantages are in this direction. The unmarred beauty of its stream will turn larger mills, and weave finer textures,[1] than its polluted and dammed-up waters ever can; the tides of learning and civilization sweeping along its shores bring it a commerce that no sand-bar between its wharves and the sea can shut out: improvements that offer rest and refreshment to weary workers out of the crowded city prove more profitable even by the money standard than those which attract to it only drudgery and toil. Use these advantages; build it up, not as a huge factory, but as a pleasant home, — and then, though its boys and girls may leave it a while for more active scenes of labor, they will come back to it in after-years as to a loving mother, eager to lay their gains at its feet, and their ashes at last in its dust.

VII. Mentioning the citizens it has raised up and sent abroad brings up inevitably the thought of those who have served it on battlefields — of how far they have been an element in its growth. It seems at first glance as if the men who are made SOLDIERS must necessarily be a lost force to the world, and as

[1] The town is peculiarly rich in legendary lore, almost every locality in it being associated with some tradition, — not all so romantic as the story which gave its name to Heartbreak Hill, or so fantastic as the one connected with the footprints on the rock in front of the First Parish Meeting-house, but all with a savor of the soil and helping to show that the town has had something in its scenery to quicken the imaginative as well as the industrial faculty. They are legends too much a matter of detail to be more than alluded to here; but, when our full forthcoming history of Ipswich is written, it is hoped that they will all be gathered into it as illustrating the character of our ancestors hardly less than their actual deeds, and as affording the atmosphere through which alone many of its real events can be properly seen.

if the community which sent the most of them out of itself, especially if they were its bravest and best children, would be the one that in life's struggle would be the least likely to survive. All experience, however, shows that such is not the case. War, not less than peace, is one of the great forces of the world's social evolution; the test of which can fight the best, one of the ways of proving which is fittest for its work; and though the slaughter of the brave and good on battle-fields is in some of its aspects a terrible loss, nevertheless it is only in proportion as a nation has the most of its children who are ready thus to die for it that it is able itself to live.

It is a condition of survival of which Ipswich, like all the rest of our old New England towns, has had ample experience. Strange as it may now seem, with the only sound of border strife two thousand miles away, it was once a frontier settlement, and indeed was seized and occupied at first as a military outpost and as a military necessity,—that of presenting a barrier against the incursions of Frenchmen and of the Tarrantine Indians from the East. Surrounded with savage foes, its inhabitants, for a hundred years, never lay down to sleep at night without preparations to rise up before morning to defend their lives, never rose up in the morning without possibilities of lying down before night in the sleep of death as protectors of their homes. Its first houses were all built with portholes through their overhanging second floors, out of which to run their guns. The meeting-house was literally a watch-tower. The sentinel on "the hill of Zion" within, sounding the alarm against sin, was offset by a sentinel at the door without, ready to sound the alarm against Indians. Not only was every man trained to arms, but, by a vote found on the town-records in 1648, all the children ten years old and upwards were ordered to be "exercised with small guns, half-pikes, and bows and arrows." While the settlement was yet only four years old, it sent out twenty-three of its soldiers in the war against the Pequots. Seven of its number were slain in the famous battle at Muddy Brook; three killed and twenty-three wounded in the victorious fight with King

Philip at Narraganset Swamp. It was represented in all the great expeditions against Canada during the King William, French and Indian, and Queen Anne wars; shed its blood at Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Cape Breton, and at the daring siege of Louisburg. It went into the Revolutionary struggle with all its heart, mind, soul, and strength. The spirit with which it was animated was well evinced by the reply of Mrs. Holyoake, one of its old ladies, when asked to have some of her beautiful oak-wood cut down to be used in making saltpetre, "It is for liberty: take as much of it as you want." Money, men, and supplies were voted again and again without stint; and from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, on the land and on the sea, some of its soldiers were in its every fight. And when at last, after long days of peace, its Union war broke out, and the issue was not of selfish liberty alone, but of humanity, and of liberty to the slave, and of loyalty to the kingdom of God, it soon showed that the blood of the sires was in the sons, and answered with three hundred and forty-seven men and with fifty-one lives its own share of the question as to whether New England still could fight.

Who now shall say that this long list of patriotic soldiers, heroic deeds, and sacrificed lives, running through eight generations, has added nothing to our town's diviner life? Who say that liberty is not dearer, our every institution richer, the very soil on which we stand the more precious, for every blow they struck, every pang they suffered, every ruby drop they offered up? Who say that the shaft on yonder hill, bearing the names of the last ones on the long roll who pressed to the battle's awful front, and suggestive of all the rest, does not blend harmoniously with the church-spire, the schoolhouse, the market, the home, and these ancient hills, as a worthy factor of our fair old town? Sainted band! we cannot stand with uncovered heads by all your graves to-day in the redeemed South, along the Canada line, by Champlain's limpid wave, and beneath the deep blue sea; cannot summon your visible forms to join with us in the festivities of this natal hour; cannot, amid the gathered dust

of years, decipher all your names: but we stand with uncovered souls beside your patriotic deeds, hail you as fellow-citizens still in thought's undying realm, and behold in all these institutions around us the impress of something more truly yours than any outward name. Among the great company of the town's departed builders rising above us to the inner vision, tier after tier, through the dim encircling years, — wise scholars, holy divines, saintly women at the shrine of home, and faithful toilers in the shop and field, — we give to you, red-handed though you are, a foremost place. And in the light of your deeds, and by the breath of your example, we pledge ourselves, do we not, we its living, to keep our town worthy of you its dead?

> "For the place
> Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace
> Beyond mere earth: the sweetness of their fames
> Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,
> And penetrates our lives with nobler aims."

VIII. But, while war preserves a community from without, there is another and sweeter force which holds it together from within, — one that unifies and co-ordinates all its other parts, and deprived of which it would be like the limbs of a body without its ligaments, or of a tree without its sap; and that is its SOCIAL LIFE. Men are made in their very nature to live in communities. There are ties and necessities older even than our Aryan blood, as old as the race itself, which tend to draw them together. They cannot be complete in themselves, cannot show all that they are capable of, any more than the parts of a watch can, except through mutual contact and intercourse. And it is this social instinct which not only lies at the basis of the state and the town, but operates all through to give them grace and polish, and is the final factor in their evolution. We are apt to think of our Puritan ancestors as altogether cold, rigid, and formal; apt to look on them as the fresh leaves of a tree might on its dark limbs beneath, or the green blades of grass on its buried roots, — as being always what they are now, the dim, bloodless, unmoving figures that

we see them on the dry historic page. We need continually to remind ourselves that they were human beings, full of warm human nature, and that once they were moving about these streets, clothed in flesh and blood, and as full of weaknesses, passions, interests, and affections, and of rich and bounding life, as we are to-day. Who, for instance, can read the entry lighting up the old records, of how Daniel Blake in 1660 was fined five pounds "for making love to Edmund Bridge's daughter without her parents' consent," and not see, that, though his age was Puritan, Daniel's heart was very human? Women were evidently as much given to dress and fashion then as they ever have been since; for, the same year that Ipswich was incorporated, the General Court passed a law against "slashed apparel, great sleeves, gold and silver lace, knots of ribbon, and double ruffs." And Ward says, in his "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," "I honor the woman that can honor herself with her attire,—a good text always deserves a fair margent; but when I hear a nugiperous Gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week, what the nudiustertian fashion of the court is, with egge to be in it with all haste, whatever it be, I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of the quarter of a cipher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honored or humored." Ipswich life in its early day was the very opposite of being hard, barren, and repulsive, indeed, judging by the glimpses we get of it now and then, must have been pre-eminently rich, cultivated, and refined. Ward himself, instead of being altogether a sombre Puritan, had inscribed on his mantelpiece not only "sobrie, juste, and pie," but also "lete," joyously, as his life motto,—surely a noble one for any age. Winthrop, in his Journal, describes a visit here and a home gathering in 1658, about which he says, "My cozens all three were in health, and as merry as very good cheere and Ipswich frends could make them." John Dunton is not always a reliable authority; but the description he gives of his visit to the town in 1685; its beautiful meeting-house, orchards, and gardens; its lively

circulation of the news, "when a stranger arrives there 't is quickly known to every one;" his hospitable entertainment at Mrs. Stewart's, where his sleeping-apartment "was so noble, and its furniture so suitable to it, that he doubts not but even the king himself has oftentimes been content with worser lodging;" his excursion to Rowley, where he found "a great game of football going on between the Rowleyites and the young men of another town, played with their bare feet; and his talk with Mrs. Comfort, as they picked their path on horseback through the vast woods, fringed with flowers, and musical with birds, on such themes as Platonic love, — is full of picturesque beauty, some of it almost a page out of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." With women in society like Rebekah Symonds, Anne Bradstreet, Martha Winthrop, and Patience Denison, and men like Governor Winthrop, Deputy Symonds, General Denison, Dr. Firmin, the Revs. Ward and Hubbard, occasionally Judge Sewall, and a score of others, life could not have been otherwise than elegant, social, and cultivated. They had all been brought up in good English society, and knew its manners and customs. The pressure of the great wilderness around them, and of a common danger and enterprise, must have brought them very near together. Politics and religion were always to be discussed. New ideas sprang up as abundantly as weeds on the new uncovered soil. There was that Anne Hutchinson, coming along once in a while, with her radical heresies and her fresh womanly enthusiasm, to stir them up. The new pages of nature, and the ever old interests of birth and love and marriage and death, had to be talked over. John Dutch's sloop, or a traveller now and then from Boston, brought them into contact with life there; and occasionally a vessel from across the seas, with letters from friends, and news of great political convulsions, and the latest gossip about fashions and court, thrilled anew their common English nerves, and gave them the topics of many a loving heart-talk. The charm of that early picnic life died away in the generations that followed and in their hard struggle for existence; but the social spirit

went into other forms, less elegant and English perhaps, but not less real. Sundays and town-meetings brought them all together. Weddings and funerals were celebrated for a long time with great pomp; rum and wine flowing freely, and the minister receiving innumerable presents in the form of rings and gloves, — one divine, it is said, twenty-nine hundred pairs in a ministry of thirty-two years. Huskings and house-raisings brought all the neighbors together, for a helping hand to begin with, and a merry-making afterwards. Election-day came once a year, with its famous cake and its chance for the small boy. Training-days, with their music, banners, and parade, relieved the awful grimness of war. With the material harvest all gathered from the fields, Thanksgiving brought its gathering of the household's human products from far and wide, to rejoice with feast and story under the old roof-tree again. Now and then a distinguished visitor came from abroad, and everybody turned out, with a spokesman at their head, to give him welcome; as, for instance, when Lafayette made his visit, and General Farley, the grand old soldier, in his reverence and excitement did him double honor by taking off, as he received him, not only his hat, but his wig also. And then, beyond all else, was the intercourse they had with each other simply as townsmen and neighbors; the bows and hand-shakings and good-mornings in the street; the remarks about the weather and the crops across the garden-fence, and the talk in the horse-sheds and at the church-doors on Sunday about the price of oats and the points of doctrine, the children that were down with the measles and the candidates that were up for office, — little things in themselves, and very different from what the fashionable world calls society, but all helping to shape the townly character, to build up its citizens into a living unity, and to make a love for it in all after-years one of the corner-stones in the love of country.

Such, friends, are some of the forces concerned in the evolution of a New England town, such the ones that have

operated to produce our own loved home. To many of us the review of them is a matter, not only of historical study, but of keen personal interest. The men and women we catch a glimpse of are the ancestral stems on which our being has blossomed; the scenes and events they acted in, the ones by which our characters, our principles, our lives, have been shaped: and as we look at them, especially at a feature and a trait here and there, it seems almost as if we had dropped the plummet of memory below our individual being, down through these other generations, into the mystic personality of our race. The images brought up are indeed but for a moment. The great wilderness of wood, the little Puritan town planted in it as a seed, the unshackled river, and the quaint furniture of the olden time, materialized to our vision by the medium of the hour, melt away, even while we look at them, into the mist of the past. And Masconomet and his Indian braves, John Winthrop and his venerable compeers, Madame Symonds and her coterie of friends in their rich brocades, and Colonel Wade and his Revolutionary heroes, stately in their continental uniform, summoned out of their tombs by the magic wand of memory, march back again, even while we speak, to their silent dust. But they leave the impress of themselves, leave the print of their subtle feet, all over the living town; remind us how largely and nobly its builders are of the past, and its beauty not a surface glow, but a solid depth. And who can look at their shadowy forms even for this brief moment, who think of the whole-souled men and women, the toiling hands, the brave minds, the warm hearts, the lifted prayers, and under these the great historic forces that for two hundred and fifty years have gone into the building of our town, and not have a deeper appreciation of its worth, and a warmer love for its every part? Because they have not resulted in a great metropolis, because our wealth and numbers for so long a time have been almost stationary, it does not follow that they have been in any sense lost forces. The evolution of a town is like that of a leaf on a tree, — not for its own sake

alone, but for that of the state, the nation, and the civilization of which it is a part. Its juices were meant to go, not into its own stem and veins merely, but into the limbs of new institutions and into the fruit of enlarged ideas; and, when the autumn comes, to know what has been evolved out of it, you must look at the whole social and political tree on which it stands. Who shall say that Ipswich has not performed worthily this function of a town? Its life-blood has gone forth into our whole broad land. Liberty is larger, civilization richer, humanity farther along in its upward way, because, side by side with ten thousand others, it has done so well its work. And waving in the summer breeze, and glistening in the light of the August sun, the evolution it shares in, richer than any individual growth could possibly be, is that of the freest, healthiest, and most thrifty nation that stands to-day on the soil of earth. And can it have any worthier ambition than to go on in the same direction for the years that are to cŏme, seeking not so much to change in size or character as to unfold in completeness? With its churches, schools, and library, its combined beauty of hill and dale, winding river, and gray old sea, its grand historic traditions flowing from the past, and its close connection with all that is richest and best in the civilization of the present, I know of no spot where life can be spent more sweetly, more worthily, and, if not in material gains, yet in the soul's larger wealth, more richly, than on its soil. And when two hundred and fifty more years shall have rolled away, and we who are here to-day shall sleep in its dust, and our names be counted among its ancient inhabitants, and our children's children celebrate its five hundredth anniversary, I know of no better prayer for it than that, developing still out of its old Puritan root, and under these same forces, it may be then what it is now, only more completely, a CHARACTERISTIC NEW ENGLAND TOWN.

PRESIDENT HASKELL. — Ladies and gentlemen, the Committee find it necessary to curtail the exercises at this place somewhat, and, in consequence of that arrangement, the music mentioned next on the programme will be omitted, and the singing of the hymn mentioned lower down on the programme will also be omitted. Your attention will only be asked to a poem, "Mother Ipswich," by one of her grandchildren, which will occupy but a short time, and will be read by Mr. ROLAND COTTON SMITH.

MOTHER IPSWICH.

BY ONE OF HER GRANDCHILDREN.[1]

THRONED on her rock-bound hill, comely and strong and free,
She sends a daughter's greeting to Ipswich over the sea;
But she folds to her motherly heart, with welcome motherly sweet,
The children home returning to sit at her beautiful feet.

Fair is her heritage, fair with the blue of the bountiful sky;
Green to the white, warm sand, her billowy marshes lie;
Her summer calm is pulsed with the beat of the bending oar
Where the river shines and sleeps in the shadows of Turkey Shore.

Down from the storied past tremble the legends still
As the woe of the Indian maiden wails over from Heartbreak Hill,
And, alas! the unnamable footprint, and the lapstone dropped below —
From places so pleasant, poor devil, no wonder he hated to go.

[1] Daughter of Hannah Stanwood, grand-daughter of Captain Isaac Stanwood, of Ipswich.

Fair is my realm, saith the Mother; but fairest of all my domain,
Are the sons I have reared and the daughters, sturdy of body and brain,
Tender of heart and of conscience, ready, with flag unfurled,
For service at home, or, if need be, to the uttermost bounds of the world.

Never my bells of the morning fail to the morning air,
With their summons of young minds to learning, with their summons of all souls to prayer.
Gracious yon pile where are stored me the treasures of thought to-day,
More gracious my children who poured me their wealth of the far Cathay.

Mourn your lost leader,[1] my hamlet, sore needed, yet never again
To mingle his words of wisdom in the wide councils of men;
Nor forget whose hand first plucked its secret from the Mountain King's stormy breast,[2]
And held up the torch of freedom over the great North-west.

Thrilled to him, hearts of the people, whose eyes were a smouldering fire,
Whose voice to the listening multitude rang like an angel's lyre;
But I hear the trill of light laughter in thickets of feathery fronds,
Where a little lad dares for white lilies the deep of Chebacco ponds.[3]

Rest in the peace of God forever, O man of good-will,[4]
Who gathered the healing of heaven in the sunshine of Sweet-Brier Hill:
Far from the city's tumult, with my soft airs overblown,
In my arms of love I hold him, a stranger, and yet mine own.

[1] Hon. Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton.
[2] Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Hamilton.
[3] Rufus Choate, of Essex.
[4] Rev. John Cotton Smith, D.D., rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York City.

Where the footsteps of Maro wandered, where the waters of Helicon flow,
Where the cedars of Lebanon wave, where the path of a people should go,
O blessed blind eyes that see, from the wrong dividing the right,[1]
Shed on the darkness of day the gleam of your radiant night!

And thou, O Desire of the Nation, loved from the sea to the sea,
High above stain as a star, still upward thy pathway be!
By thy blood of the stately Midland, by thy strength of the Northern Pine,
By the sacred fire bright on thy hearthstone, I name thee, and claim thee mine.[2]

Come to me, dear my children, from every land under the sun;
Nay, I feel by the stir of my spirit that all worlds are but one;
Nay, I know by my quickening heart-throbs, they are gathering to my side,
Veiled by God's grace with His glory, — the dead who have never died.

Fathers, whose steadfast uprightness their sons through no time can forget,
Mothers, whose tenderness breathes in many an old home yet,
Hushed is the air for their coming, holy the light with their love:
What shall the grateful earth pledge to the heaven above?

The best that we have to give, — loyalty stanch and pure
To the land they loved and the God they served while the earth and heavens endure:
We can bear to the future no greater than to us the past hath brought, —
Faith to the lowliest duty, truth to the loftiest thought.

[1] Rev. John P. Cowles, of Ipswich.
[2] Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine.

The omitted hymn referred to above by the President is here inserted : —

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY THE REV. J. O. KNOWLES, D.D.

Tune : Saint Ann's.

GREAT God, to Thee our song we raise
For this auspicious hour,
And sing the mercy of Thy ways,
The wonders of Thy power.

Back through the fading years we read
The record of Thy care,
And hear once more, in times of need,
Our fathers' earnest prayer.

Thy truth inspired them as they sought
This land across the sea,
And in their sturdy natures wrought
The purpose to be free.

We praise Thee that this holy flame
In hearts is glowing still ;
And we, their children, follow them
To work Thy righteous will.

For us their toils rich fruitage yields
Beneath a fairer sky,
Where banners of their battlefields
In prouder triumphs fly.

Thy love has blessed the changing years
With never-changing good,
Until this beauteous town appears
Where once their hamlet stood.

For broader fields and richer gain,
For these our brighter days,
For more of light on heart and brain,
We offer Thee our praise.

Long may our town in beauty stand
Close by the sounding sea:
Grant to her sons Thy guiding hand
In all the years to be.

PRESIDENT HASKELL. — The Doxology will be sung, and the audience are requested to join therein. After that, the benediction will be pronounced. There will be given an intermission of twenty minutes before the opening of the tent for the dinner.

The Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was sung by the audience accompanied by the band.

The following benediction was pronounced by the Rev. JULIUS W. ATWOOD, rector of Ascension Memorial Church, Ipswich: —

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ, our Lord. And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.

HELIOTYPE PRINTING CO. BOSTON

VIEW FROM GREEN STREET BRIDGE, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

HELIOTYPE PRINTING CO. BOSTON.

THE HOWARD HOUSE.

THE DINNER.

AFTER the short recess announced by the President, about one thousand guests assembled for dinner. At two P.M. the divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. JOHN PIKE, D.D., of Rowley, and, after an hour spent in festivity and social converse, the President called the company to order, and said, —

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — Will you give your attention one moment. I shall not trespass upon your time in the presence of so many eminent guests whom you desire to hear; but I must take this opportunity to bid you all a hearty welcome to the town and to the festivities of the day, and to express the great gratification it must be to the people of this town to have such a manifestation of your interest in these exercises, and to thank you for your attendance upon this occasion. I will also invite you all to be here at the next centennial celebration, fifty years from to-day. It will undoubtedly be the lot of some of you, perhaps of many, to attend at that time, and I assure all who shall then come that they will receive a cordial welcome. I now have the pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, of introducing to you the Rev. T. FRANK WATERS, who has kindly consented to aid us in these exercises by announcing the sentiments to be submitted, and by eliciting, as we hope, responses from some of our eminent guests.

REMARKS OF THE TOAST-MASTER, REV. T. FRANK WATERS.

Mr. President, — In deference to the invitation thus extended, and with due regard to the wish of the Committee that has made such provision for this festival, I accept the office assigned me, but for which I find I have neither wit nor wisdom. A certain debt of gratitude, however, rests upon me. There is a tradition in my father's family, I know not how trustworthy, to the effect, that, when the British occupied Boston, my great-grandparents, rather than live under the British flag, left that town, and journeyed eastward; and that it was somewhere within the borders of this old town that my grandfather first saw the light. We have been waiting one hundred years to make some recognition of the hospitality thus tendered; and, if any slight act I may do to-day may serve to show our gratitude, I shall be most happy. I am reminded, too, that the office of toast-master for such a banquet is very much like a preface of a book, — something for use rather than for beauty; something simple and plain, and not intended for the critic's judgment, and, in the estimation of most persons, best when brief. I trust by brevity to merit your approval, if by nothing else.

As we turn back the page of history, we find that our worthy ancestors, in their many prayers and few festal gatherings, were wont to make devout mention of their king. But we find already within them a marked jealousy of foreign rule; and we may remember with gratitude that we have to-day the full flower of that which was then in the germ, when we at our festal gathering no longer pledge fealty to a king over seas, but wish health and prosperity to our own Republican President. I offer you, then, as the first sentiment of this occasion,

"*The President of the United States;*"

and in the absence of the President I will ask the band to play "The Star-spangled Banner."

THE TOAST-MASTER. — We have a record that at a very early date the worthy governor of this State, JOHN WINTHROP, showed his regard for this old town, in which his son lived, by a journey hither through the wilderness on foot; and the regard Ipswich bore the old State has ever been beyond question by her ready response to every demand made upon her both in war and in peace. I give you, therefore, as the second sentiment of this occasion,

"*The Commonwealth of Massachusetts,*"

and would invite to respond to this toast his Excellency the Governor.

ADDRESS OF HIS EXCELLENCY, GEORGE D. ROBINSON, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — To all the children and descendants of the good old town of Ipswich she gives to-day a welcome from her heart. By her firesides, in her sacred places, amid familiar scenes, there she bids her chosen ones return to drink anew at the fountains of inspiration that hallow and endear and ennoble home, society, state, and country.

Personally I cannot of myself claim to be a descendant of this honored town. My memory has failed me, my research has proved fruitless, and I have been struggling all the time since my foot stepped upon the soil this morning, to think of some great-great-great-grandmother that might possibly have lived here, or of some cousin in the nineteenth degree upon whom I could call in case the Committee had not so kindly taken care of me here to-day. But that failing me, and it being my official privilege and duty to speak for Massachusetts, I desire to say to you that the old Commonwealth herself comes back to the town of Ipswich to-day as one of the town's children. She is younger than Ipswich

herself. We speak of our ancient Commonwealth. Why, the Massachusetts that we know, that is founded upon the principles expressed in her Constitution which has been her abiding guide for these many years, — that Commonwealth is nearly one hundred and fifty years the junior of the town of Ipswich. This community, and others like it, scattered all over the Province and through the Colony, as it was then known, under the different charters, controlled by governors of royal appointment — these communities embraced the best inspirations of the people that dwelt in them; and gradually they came, by the development of the ideas that underlay their theory, into the State that we call our own.

Look at it. What concern have we as a State to-day that was not in the control of the towns two hundred years ago? They took care of all the matters of expenditure; they provided seats in the meeting-house for the people; they even selected the leader of the choir, and said who should be the singers in the praise of the Lord; they took care of the schools and the highways and the poor; they looked after the morals and the behavior of everybody; they raised troops, and equipped them; they stood on guard against foes here and foes abroad. It was a State then in its infancy. And those early inhabitants left their impress upon the institutions that now we recognize as the expression of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Though many of the customs and ideas of that time excite our curiosity, and provoke sometimes our ridicule, for all that, the people of that time were laying the foundations upon a solid basis. It has not gone for nought that the people stood by the sabbath in that olden time. It will never fail this Commonwealth to adhere to the same principles for a quarter of a thousand years to come.

It has been twice said to-day that one of my predecessors, Governor John Winthrop, walked all the way from Boston to Ipswich. Somehow or other there seemed to my mind to be a kind of intimation that I am a good way from John Winthrop; that I did n't come down in the same way. But

I have a very strong suspicion, that, if Governor John had had the Eastern Railroad open, he would have bought a ticket on that line — unless the railroad company, with its usual generosity, had offered him a chance to come for nothing. More than that, too; the governor came down here on Saturday, and, finding that the old parish was in want of a minister, he proceeded the next day, in the quaint language of the time, "to exercise by the way of prophecy." And, since I have discovered that fact, I have been wondering how many more duties were to be put upon the Governor of Massachusetts. If he is to be called upon to travel overland, to imitate his good predecessor, and go Saturdays into every community where there is a meeting-house that has not a pastor, here and there, and exercise himself and the congregation the next day in the way of prophecy, candidates for the governorship will be less numerous than they are now; and the only relief that I have personally for this year is, that, in searching history, I find that no one of my other predecessors has ever done any such thing. All the way down, after we leave Governor John Winthrop, including my immediate predecessor, nobody has ever done it. Now I submit to you, that considering all the wealth of intellect, the ability, the fertility, the ingenuity, that we have had in the gubernatorial chair, there is a possible excuse for the Executive to-day if he does not exercise himself on Sunday in the good old way.

Not forgetting the principles that underlie good sound religion, the fathers took along a kindred development, — the development of intelligence, the making of a man in his own brain and mind all that it is possible for him to be. And so they gave us the free school early, — one of the earliest in the country, perhaps the first, and it may be even the pioneer in the world. One's mind at once traces along down the marvellous line of growth in that direction. He sees the outgrowth, on the one hand and the other, in all the towns and throughout the State, until Massachusetts becomes known for her school system the world over, — known not

alone by statistics, not by the adornment of the school-buildings, not by the attractiveness of the pupils, but in the expression of intelligence, the power that is seen in the faces, and manifested in the actions, of the men and women that are in this Commonwealth. And knowing how to stand by the principles of both, how to be religious and how to be also intelligent, they knew also how to be free. Liberty they would have; and they counted every man and institution and officer an enemy to themselves that attempted to thwart their high purpose. It has been narrated to you here how Governor Andros's taxation, or attempted taxation, was resisted by the seven men of this town, even to the point of fine and imprisonment on their part. And yet they staked their issue, their all, on the threshold, because they claimed their rights as citizens to have a part in the deliberations before they should impose rates upon themselves and their fellows for payment. That was under King James II.; that was in 1688; that was in this town. And do you know also, that across the water, in Old England, at the same time, — in the community from which this name was taken, in old Ipswich, — almost on the same day, the people of that parent-town were in mutiny and rebellion against that same king because of his encroachment upon their rights as Englishmen? You may well join hands to-day, — new Ipswich and old Ipswich, — and bid each other God speed in the better development of human liberty, and in the advancement of human rights.

Many glimpses that a man will take as he recounts the old history will be interesting. We cannot help stopping a moment to think of poor Joe Lane who stole the widow's Bible, and got fined fifteen shillings for it, which he was to give to the widow, by the way, and ten shillings more for lying about it. That is good wholesome doctrine. It was bad enough to steal the Bible; but it was worse not to get the covers open, and find out that lying also was sinful. The magistrates at that time were very careful about such invasions of propriety. Then we learn that some citizen of this

town, in the good old days, was sentenced to pay a fine of twenty shillings, or to be whipped, for too great familiarity with the devil. The historian does not tell us which course he preferred to take. If that had been stated, we should know what the citizens of Ipswich regard a good whipping as worth. Some hill was named here to-day in the course of the discourse, — "Heartbreak," I believe that is it, — called by that romantic name because of the fate of a poor young man that was fined five pounds, and let off with four pounds, because he undertook to make love to a girl without asking her parents' consent. I would be glad to be assured by the town-fathers to-day that the influence of that penalty upon the young men of Ipswich was so salutary and lasting that no one has ever transgressed from that time to now.

But, ladies and gentlemen, I have no right, in consideration of your patience, as well as also of my own time, — the minute of my departure being quite near, — to weary you with many more remarks. These scenes bring up suggestions which can never be met elsewhere. The old houses, many of them, stand; the roads still run around the valleys and up the hills; the river flows on to the sea; the rocks are on and by the hills; the birds are singing still; the sun shines, the rain falls; men, women, and children are here: and yet, as you pass the doors along the roads, the old faces are gone never to come again; new faces look out to greet you. And, as you look forward to the time that shall come, you can see even these faces disappearing from the active stage of life, and imagine new forms, new faces, and new lives coming upon this scene to make the Ipswich of the coming time. It will indeed be well if he who shall stand here two hundred and fifty years hence to speak for Massachusetts, — if he, looking upon the history then completed, can say as well for the town as may be said now. It rests with the generation of to-day what the forward movement shall be. We make our history, not in centuries, but in days; we live, not in multitudes and in communities, but in individual lives; we carry the town and the state with ourselves and

by ourselves; and, if the future shall not be so rich in promise and so abundant in fruitage, it may be, perhaps, because we have been negligent in the present.

Two hundred and fifty years from now we shall be forgotten; but your visitor to-day, whom I represent, will be here. Massachusetts dies not, because she is in the living and endless life of her people. So, though all visitors shall be missing, though it may be only a tear on the grass that shall overgrow the grave, though it may be a remote descendant that will call up the memory or the reference to the present, Massachusetts, in the prophecy of the present, will be here stronger, I take it, than now, broader and greater than to-day, — the Massachusetts of an advanced civilization, the exponent, I trust, of a correct and high life, and of an enduring faith in all that makes for the development and advancement of men.

I give you, "The Old Town of Ipswich." May she be for the two hundred and fifty years next to come as faithful to the principles of right, honor, and liberty, as she has been in the past; and her next celebration shall be as glorious as the present.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — I offer you as the next sentiment on this occasion one that will come home to all your hearts, I am sure: —

"*John Winthrop, Jr., and the Original Founders of the Town of Ipswich.*"

> "So live the fathers in their sons;
> Their sturdy faith be ours,
> And ours the love that overruns
> Its rocky strength with flowers."

A kind Providence still spares an honored descendant of the old governor and his son, whom we had hoped to have had with us in person; but in his absence I have received a letter, to which I ask your attention. It is from Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP of Brookline.

BROOKLINE, MASS., Aug. 4, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—I pray you to present my grateful acknowledgments to the town of Ipswich for the invitation to be present as one of the guests of the town, at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation.

I have not forgotten the old record of my ancestor: "The Governor's son, John Winthrop, went with twelve more to begin a plantation at Agawam, after called Ipswich." This was in March, 1633–34, and was followed by a hardly less interesting entry in his Journal on the following 3d of April: "The Governor went on foot to Agawam, and, because the people there wanted a minister, spent the sabbath with them, and exercised by way of prophecy; and returned home the 10th."

Two generations of my family were thus associated with the first beginnings of Ipswich. John Winthrop, Jr., the founder of the town, was soon afterwards governor of the little Colony on the Connecticut River, under the charter of Lord Say and Sele and Lord Brooke, where he planted Saybrook. He was afterwards the founder of New London, and, having obtained the charter of Connecticut from Charles II., was governor of that Colony for nearly seventeen years. But his ties to Ipswich were not soon severed. There he built a house, and resided there from time to time for several years; and there was born his eldest son, commonly known as Fitz-John Winthrop, who was governor of Connecticut from 1698 until his death, in 1707.

It would afford me real pleasure to revive these old memories by accepting the invitation of the town, and attending its festival on the 18th inst.: I would even come "on foot," as my ancestor did, and "exercise by the way of prophecy," if I were as young as he then was. But engagements and disabilities combine to render it impracticable for me to be with you, and I can only offer you my best wishes for the success of the occasion and the continued prosperity of the town of Ipswich. Believe me, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

ROBT C. WINTHROP.

GEORGE E. FARLEY, Esq., Sec'y of Committee.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — Another lineal descendant of the fathers of the town is present with us to-day, and I now take pleasure in inviting a response from the Hon. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

ADDRESS OF HON. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — There are few men living, who by character and attainments so admirably illustrate the virtues and talents of their ancestors as the excellent gentleman whose letter has just been read. Would that he had felt able to be here to-day to add force to what he has written in response to the sentiment, by his rare eloquence! — a duty for which I so painfully feel my own insufficiency, but which in his absence I consider it a high honor to be called upon to perform. And as Governor Winthrop with Sir Richard Saltonstall came over in the "Arbella," and as their sons four or five years later came hither together to found this ancient town, so now my heart throbs with a thrill of fervent sentiment while following my honored friend in laying a small tribute upon the shrines of these good men and their co-workers.

The sentiment carries us back two hundred and fifty years, to those admirable men and women from whom not we alone, nor New England, but thousands of the bravest and best throughout our great country, love to trace their blood and their virtues, whose piety, wisdom, and incredible courage laid deep the foundation of those twin columns of *religion* and *civil liberty* upon which so vast and majestic a temple has been reared.

How should we rejoice, and, with gratitude all the more profound as the years roll on, celebrate these great anniversaries and centennials, which recall to us our fathers and mothers of former generations, and which so tend to strengthen the ties between the past and the present, to fill our hearts with thankfulness, and our minds with wonder, as we reflect on their trials and sufferings, their religious faith and zeal,

ART JOURNAL PRINTING CO. BOSTON.

MR. RICHARD SALTONSTALL'S HOUSE. BUILT IN 1635.

as well as on their far-seeing and prudent management of public affairs! They seem to have seen through the long vista of years, away ahead, the blossoming and fruiting of these great republican institutions which they here planted, and watered with their very life's blood.

We are prone to picture to ourselves the early settlers as stern old Puritans, men of middle age, or older, who had laid aside with their youth the desire to enjoy the sweets of life, and who, from long forbearance, had lost the very faculty and sense of enjoying anything but a long sermon preached through the nose. But this is not so. There were many young men of gentle blood, educated at the universities, some owning estates in England. They brought with them their young wives, tenderly nurtured, and accustomed to all the refinements and luxuries of life, to nurse their babes to sleep, with the howling of wolves, and ofttimes the war-whoop of the savage Indian, for a lullaby.

Two centuries and a half is a long time to review; but in many ways how near it seems to us!

I doubt if there be any people who have so reverently and so devoutly cherished the memory of their ancestry. Fireside traditions have been supplemented by anniversary discourses and sermons and by days of public thanksgiving, which have been observed from the first settlement. Few there are among those of New England extraction who do not feel this interest, for few there are who do not trace their descent from one or more of the first settlers. The late Colonel Thomas H. Perkins of Boston, whom I well recollect, used to relate that in his youth he had seen an old man who had conversed with Peregrine White, the first child born in the Plymouth Colony — one link only between the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers and him who was living thirty or forty years ago.

I had as a visitor from England last year a descendant, and bearing the name, of Brampton Gurdon, whose daughter Muriel came to this town, when eighteen years of age, with her young husband, Richard Saltonstall. He called me

cousin, going back eight generations, to the time of the settlement of this town, for a common ancestor. So the knowledge we have of the men who settled this and other towns, of their characters, and of the parts they and their descendants took in the great work of founding and forming this mighty nation, in a certain way makes us feel the great history to be much briefer than of two centuries and a half.

At the Endicott festival a few years ago, at the dinner succeeding the oration, the accomplished orator said that he had occasion in the morning to allude to the four "good men," — Conant, Woodbury, Balch, and Palfrey, — who were already settlers in Salem at the landing of Governor Endicott in 1628, and received him, and to Governor Endicott welcoming Governor Winthrop and Sir Richard Saltonstall in 1630. "Now," said he, "I see before me descendants of those four men, who live in Salem, and still bear their names; while on my right sit Winthrop and Saltonstall, the latter born and formerly resident in Salem." The late Dean Stanley, who was one of the guests, turned to me, and exclaimed, "What an astonishing statement! Nothing like it could be said in any town in England." Is it not quite natural, then, that we feel such honest local pride? and that the thousands upon thousands descended from our forefathers, who cover the prairies and fill the cities of our broad land, and who have so imparted of their inheritance to the homes of their adoption, all recur to their ancestry with deeper sentiment as they grow older?

I trust my motive may not be misunderstood if I say a few words about one of the founders in whom I may be supposed to feel a special interest, and to have a more intimate acquaintance with than with the other worthy men, his associates.

Richard Saltonstall was in 1634 only twenty-four years of age, but a young man of fine education, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and of most liberal character. He returned with his father (who had to take back his two young daughters after that dreadful winter of 1630–31), but only to marry and bring back his young bride, Muriel Gurdon, and with her to settle in Ipswich. He made

several voyages to England for her health, and to look after his estates, but passed the greater part of his life here, taking an active interest in the place and in public affairs. He incurred the displeasure of some of the principal men by opposing a scheme of theirs for a standing council of three to hold office for life, and by writing a book showing it to be too aristocratic in its tendency, but succeeded in defeating the measure after a long and serious struggle and the effort on their part to censure him. He also petitioned the General Court to punish two men who brought from Africa two negroes, and that the latter should be returned — the first antislavery petition on record, I believe. Johnson, in his "Wonder-working Providence," says of him, —

> "His father gone, young Richard
> On most valiantly doth war."

His son Nathaniel, born here, settled in Haverhill, where he married the daughter of John Ward, whose father was at one time minister here,[1] and was a man of the same enlightened and liberal views which characterized his father and his grandfather. Appointed one of the judges to try the witches, he left the bench, and refused to take any part in the matter — an act requiring great courage at that time.

I have this morning seen the old house where Saltonstall is said to have lived. This may or may not be so. But as, in visiting the Holy Sepulchre, this particular spot may be a matter of doubt, yet one thing is certain, here is Mount Zion, and there the Mount of Olives, here the Pool of Siloam, and there the Garden of Gethsemane: so here are the same hills, the same fields, and the same gentle river winding through them, which my ancestors beheld, — the one from early manhood to old age, the other from infancy to manhood, — and where they had their varied experiences of joy, of suffering, and of anxiety, and where they exercised their brave spirits, contending against privation and the various dangers of the time.

[1] Author of "Simple Cobbler of Agawam."

May we never forget the founders of this town, and what they dared and endured for posterity, nor neglect to cherish and hand down to our children and children's children their sacred memory!

The band played Keller's "American Hymn."

THE TOAST-MASTER. — I cannot forbear repeating that quotation from Cotton Mather, which you have already heard: "Here was a renowned church, consisting mostly of such illuminated Christians, that their pastors, in the exercise of their ministry, might think that they had to do, not so much with disciples as with judges."

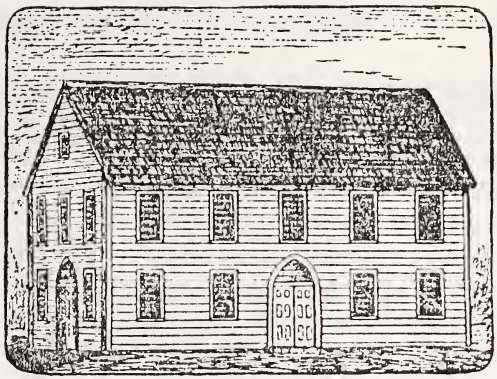
Though the antiquarian demurs when we suggest that they built their original house of worship on yonder rock, I am sure that the founders of the early church did rear on a spiritual foundation that was as strong as the solid rock; for all the years that have passed have never shaken it, and the storms have passed over it in vain. I offer you as the next sentiment,

"*The Founders of the First Church in Ipswich,*"

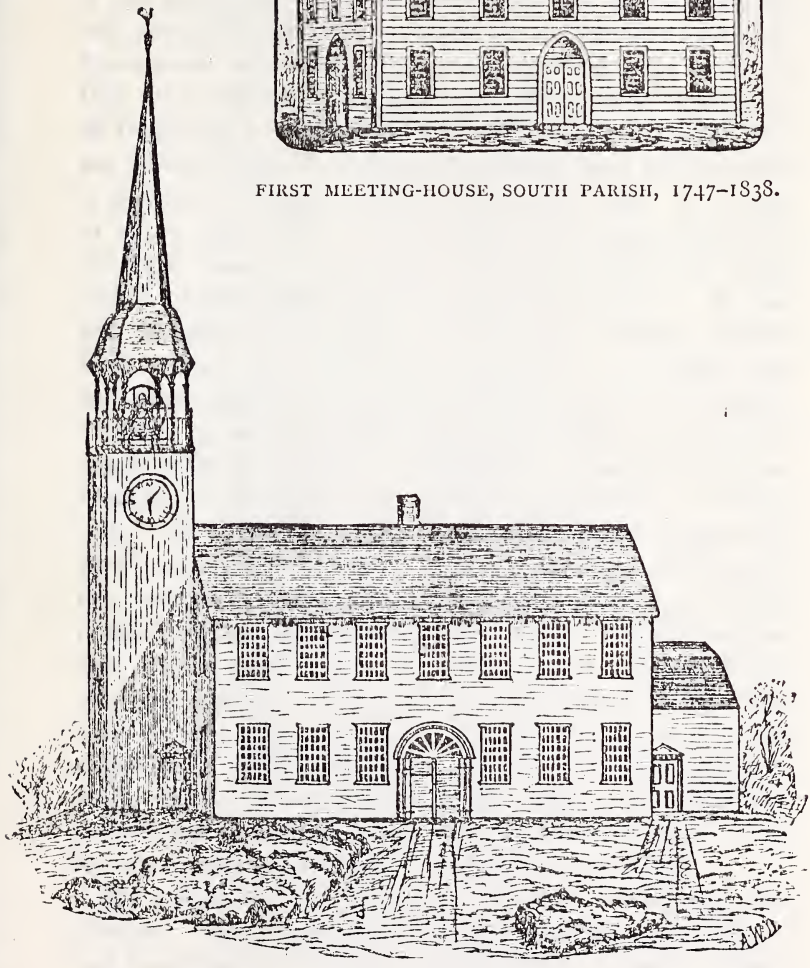
and will call for a response from the worthy pastor, the Rev. E. B. PALMER.

ADDRESS OF REV. E. B. PALMER.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — When a member of the committee general, to whom was assigned the business of designating those who should make responses to individual toasts, asked me to respond to this sentiment, I said, "Yes," with an interrogation-point after it. I have been shivering in my shoes from the time these exercises began, only regretting that I had not written an interrogation-point



FIRST MEETING-HOUSE, SOUTH PARISH, 1747–1838.



THE MEETING-HOUSE OF THE FIRST PARISH, IPSWICH, 1749–1846.

(See page 147.)

as long as yonder tent-pole. For, if the distinguished gentleman at my right found nothing to say after what had been said by the orator of the morning and by his Excellency the Chief Magistrate of the State, what shall I have to say? And if this gentleman [Mr. Saltonstall] who has so interestingly and profitably addressed us could run an intended speech of five minutes into one of twenty minutes, and make us think they were only five, what shall I do with a whole church full of Winthrops? I want from now until the time the old Trojan traveller spoke of, "When the sinking stars would invite to slumber," to treat worthily a theme like this. If I were to be put under oath, in the presence of the representative of the legal element of the State, "to tell the truth, the whole truth," and stop there, when would you get to bed? At the last Commencement dinner at Bowdoin College, Senator Frye related an anecdote of a member of Congress who had been making a very long speech, and who was called to order by the presiding officer, and notified that he was not speaking to the point. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not speaking to the point: I am speaking to posterity." — "Very well," said a friend, "go on. Speak five minutes longer, and your audience will be here." You are running a risk in calling upon me this afternoon, a fearful risk, of waiting for your posterity before you get out of this place. You run another risk, sir, if a *name* is to be considered, in the character of the man you call up. If I read the record aright, it runs like this: "Cheating got its meed in Edward Palmer, who, for his extortion in taking two pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence for the wood-work of Boston stocks, was fined five pounds, and ordered to be set one hour in the stocks." You see whom you get up here — not Edward, but Edwin.

My theme is "The Founders:" I wish it had been the planters. True, the fathers *founded* where the early navigators *found* and the Almighty con*founded* their enemies. Here, too, they planted as well as builded, — planted for after-time the seeds of a moral harvest; and we are receiving the rich reward of their early work. We often heard in our school-

boy days the quotation from Webster: "I shall enter upon no encomium upon Massachusetts." It is hardly necessary for me to enter upon any encomium upon these distinguished men. They are here in their representatives. Shall I call them up to the minds of those who have been getting hold of all the copies of Felt's "Early Ipswich" so that I have not been able to see one for six weeks? Shall I call the names of these illustrious men in this presence, — the Wards, the Winthrops (worthy sons of worthy sires, and worthy sires of honored sons), the Thorndikes, the Kinsmans, the Cogswells, the Paynes, the Shatswells, the Burnhams, — a list almost innumerable? No, this gathering tells its own story. But this is not all. The old Christopher Wren motto is inapt here: "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice" ("If you seek his monument, behold it here"). You must stretch the radius of your *circum* far beyond this if you would know what these men did who *planted* here when they *founded*.

Shall I tell you a missionary story? I venture to say it will be the only one that will be told here to-day. I will try to make it short. In 1852 missionaries from the Sandwich Islands went to the Islands of Marquesas, taking with them a converted native. In 1864 an American whale-ship went into the Marquesas Islands for supplies. Immediately the mate, who was the first officer to go on shore, was seized by the king, whose wrath had been provoked by the unkind treatment received at the hands of a Peruvian vessel that had formerly visited the island and taken away as a captive, for enslavement, the son of the king. The king seized upon this mate, who was the first white man to visit the island afterwards, and took him away to eat him alive — to cut him in pieces, and eat him. The life of that mate of that whale-ship was saved by that converted native, Kekela, who had been left as a missionary on the island. He rescued him at great expense on his own part. I will not enter into the detail of it; but I will simply say that President Lincoln recognized the worthy conduct of the man, and nearly a year after, in the latter part of the year 1864, sent out of his own

pocket a gift amounting to five hundred dollars to that missionary. What has that to do with the case? It has simply this to do with it, that the radius of our circle reaches as far, at least, as the Sandwich Islands. Kekela was the product of the spirit that grew on this soil, that found an early home here in Ipswich. President Lincoln was in the presidential chair at the time as the outcome of the spirit that took early root on the spot where we stand. I do not claim this spirit for ourselves exclusively: I speak of the Puritan spirit which was the ruling spirit in the men who founded this early church.

Limiting now our radius, and looking about us here, I am well aware that neither Ward nor Winthrop nor Wise would have had very much to do in erecting, for example, the Methodist church that stands just over the way, or the Episcopal church that lies just down under the hill, a little farther away. But Wesleyanism has entered in, and the life of the Church of England is enriched among us because of what was done on this spot by our fathers; and I am sure that to-day Ward and Wise and Wesley, and the late lamented and sainted Simpson, rejoice, as they walk together the golden streets, over what has been wrought through their mutual labor under a Providence kind and wise and good.

We must honor the founders of this church. We must honor them for their devotion to God and to humanity. We must measure and honor their deeds, not by the number who flock to the sanctuary here, not by the many or few of those who gather at the sacramental board, so dear to many of us, not by the number who answer to the prayer-meeting roll-call, nor by the splendor of church edifices and outward show, but by the long procession of faithful witnesses gone higher, by the refining and loving influences they have left behind in our social and civil life, by the unseen forces that are, I will not say spending themselves, but rather multiplying themselves, in neighboring towns, and cities far remote, — lives broader, lives purer, lives more helpful towards God, more fruitful in good, because in this place instructed, and in these homes nurtured, in the truths of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — We have heard with swelling hearts of that glorious roll of departed worthies who have shed lustre on the history of this town. I propose as the next sentiment,

"*The Distinguished Men who have illustrated the Annals of Ipswich.*"

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

A response will be made by Dr. DANIEL DENISON SLADE.

ADDRESS OF DR. DANIEL DENISON SLADE.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — You will all agree with me, that an after-dinner speech should be short and pithy. It would be very unwise in me to undertake to portray the character and services of such a man as General Daniel Denison in an after-dinner speech in so very brief a time. But there are many of his townsmen here, and undoubtedly many others, who know nothing of this distinguished man. You will therefore have patience with me while I give some few details of the life of this man to whom we all owe so much of good.

Daniel Denison came, at the age of nineteen, from England, to these shores, together with his parents and his two brothers, George and Edward. They settled first in Roxbury. However, he did not remain there more than a year, when he moved to Newtown, now Cambridge. There he falls in love with and marries Patience, the daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley. Although he associated himself with the affairs of the plantation at Newtown, he does not seem to have remained there, but following in the footsteps of his father-in-law, Governor Dudley, he comes to Ipswich. Bringing his young bride to this settlement, he builds a small house, near the mill, in 1634–35. Pursuing the plan which has been adopted by so many of his descendants, he stays but a very short

time in his humble home; sells it in the course of two years, and moves to Meeting-house Hill, where land has been given him, and where he erects a larger and better house. There he remains for the space of twenty-five years; and he probably would have remained there the remainder of his life, if his house had not been destroyed by incendiarism, which was undoubtedly the act of a servant-woman, who was taken before the court, convicted of stealing from Denison, and sentenced to be whipped with ten stripes for lying about it.

From the moment that Denison entered Agawam, or Ipswich, his fellowmen found that they had with them a man of great power, of great intelligence, and a man who was destined to be one of the first among them. He commenced his civil life with the humble office of town-clerk, followed soon after by that of an assistant at the Quarterly Court held at Ipswich. He was in the following year chosen one of the deputies. He continued to be a representative for eleven years. Then he became an assistant, to which office he was chosen for twenty-nine years; after that, one of the general commissioners of the Confederacy.

In the town of Ipswich he took particular interest, not only in its education, but also in its religious matters. To him we are indebted in a great measure for the foundation of the grammar-school of Ipswich. He was one of the trustees, and also gave very much towards its support.

Next Denison appears in all the political events of the day. There was no great event of this character with which he was not concerned. We find him engaged in the court that tried Mrs. Hutchinson. We find him also one of the commissioners chosen to treat with the French Governor, D'Aulnay, of Acadia. He was sent as a commissioner to treat with Gorges about the northern boundaries of Massachusetts. He was also one of the correspondents with Cromwell, who desired to send from this part some of the hardy New England settlers, that they might assist him in taking care of Ireland. In Denison's letter to Cromwell, he says, "We shall take care of ourselves there; but we

want that no Irish shall inhabit among us, except such as we like of."

It was in the military affairs of the Colony, however, that General Denison became, perhaps, the most distinguished. Commencing with the same year that he was clerk, he was chosen captain of a military company in Ipswich. He was very soon afterward considered as the leader in our times of trouble. Soon after, he was chosen sergeant-major, and then for the remainder of his life, from 1654, he was major-general of the entire military force of Massachusetts. He joined the Ancients and Honorables in 1660, and was one of the few instances where a man was made commander the same year that he joined. In his military capacity he was called upon, at the time when there was supposed to be a conspiracy of all the Indians against the Colonies, to defend the country, and put it in position of defence. Then, again, at the time of the threatened invasion of the Dutch against the Colonies, he was called upon to do the same. In King Philip's war he was one of the greatest and most distinguished leaders, especially at the eastward, where he remained throughout the whole war, and even long after the principal sachem had been sent as a prisoner to Boston.

Such, my friends, is a brief outline of the life and services of Daniel Denison. I wish I could portray to you what his personal appearance was; but it is impossible: I leave that for imagination to conjecture. No portrait, no description, of him, has come down. That he was a man of martial mien there can be no question, from the fact that he was a military commander for over fifty years. That he was a Christian soldier there is no doubt, since we have the evidence of all his associates, and also of a sermon preached at his funeral by his pastor, William Hubbard, as well as of a peculiar treatise which he left behind, which was called "Irenicon; or, Salve for New England's Sore."

From all this we may conceive that General Denison was a most remarkable and honorable man. He died at the age of seventy, and sleeps on yonder hillside. It is now more

than two hundred years since he was laid to rest; but old Ipswich will always keep his memory green.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — A further brief response will be made by Hon. C. A. SAYWARD.

REMARKS OF HON. C. A. SAYWARD.

MR. PRESIDENT, — I suppose there are few New England towns which cannot refer with pride to able and distinguished men who have been identified in all their interests, and aided materially in their growth and general welfare, or have gone out from them to make their mark in broader spheres of action, and by their noble lives have reflected honor upon the places of their nativity or adoption.

New England has obtained her world-wide reputation through the labors of this class of men. They wrought well in their day, and their memories should be kept fresh, and held up as an example to the coming generations.

Ipswich has been blessed with a long line of strong, able men, who not only managed her municipal and ecclesiastical affairs well, but became strong factors in moulding and shaping our colonial, provincial, and constitutional governments. There are the names of many men upon our records who became distinguished in their day, and who were real benefactors of the town and colony; but time forbids an enumeration, and I can only give a passing notice of a few.

The first work of clearing the wilderness for a permanent settlement was done under the supervision of one, who, though but a sojourner here, laid well the foundations upon which his successors reared the structure of the town.

Soon following this pioneer came his brother-in-law, Samuel Symonds, whose abilities were soon recognized; and the honors of office were heaped upon him by his appreciative townsmen. He was a deputy, an assistant, a justice of the Quarterly Court, and finally deputy-governor. He was an

able and efficient man, well versed in public affairs, and had much influence in the concerns of the government.

Contemporaneous with him was Richard Saltonstall, who was here in 1635, setting up the first corn-mill in the town. And we find him filling various offices, both civil and military, writing books, defending the enslaved, aiding the cause of education, and contributing towards the support of the regicides. A broad, liberal-spirited man, it was truly said of him that he was "a succorer of the distressed, a defender of the wronged, and a benefactor to his fellowmen."

Among our military men were Daniel Denison, who was the first major-general of the Colony, and for a long time the main dependence of the colonists as a military leader; and Major Samuel Appleton, the courageous and dashing Indian warrior, who won renown in the bloody battle with the Narragansetts.

And later, when the struggle of the Revolution was in progress, Major-General Michael Farley became a power in advancing the cause of Independence, and aiding the government in furnishing men, provisions, and clothing to carry on the war. Another of Ipswich's sons was the distinguished Colonel Nathaniel Wade, who commanded the Ipswich minute-men at Bunker Hill, fought bravely at Long Island, Haarlem Heights, and White Plains, and won the confidence and esteem of the commander-in-chief of the colonial forces. Colonel Joseph Hodgkins also won distinction on many well-fought battlefields of the Revolution, and deserves to be held in remembrance.

In the professions we find Dr. Samuel Rogers and Dr. John Manning, both of whom were the most skilful physicians of their day; Nathan Dane, the eminent jurist; Rufus Choate, the brilliant orator and able advocate, whose voice fifty years ago this day thrilled the thousands then assembled on this spot to celebrate our two hundredth anniversary; and later still, and within the memory of all, that able and fearless judge, Otis P. Lord, the echo of whose voice has scarcely died away among us.

COLONEL NATHANIEL WADE.

COLONEL JOSEPH HODGKINS.

Among the scholars and literary men were Thomas Cobbett, who is said to have written more books in his time than any man in New England; William Hubbard, the celebrated historian of the Indian wars; Nathaniel Rogers, who was president of Harvard College; and, later, Joseph Green Cogswell, the teacher and founder of Round Hill School, and afterwards the noted Astor librarian.

Then we have Professor Treadwell, the great mechanical genius and inventor; William Oakes, the learned naturalist; and, contemporaneous with them, that generous philanthropist, Augustine Heard, whose interest in his native town is perpetuated in a noble institution for educating and benefiting his townsmen. Besides these, many more might be named who have adorned and illustrated our annals, like the Wainwrights, the Whipples, the Paines, the Bradstreets, the Cogswells, and the Eppes.

It is to such men as these that we are indebted for our present form of government, our public school system, our institutions of learning, and our marvellous growth and prosperity as a nation. Who, therefore, can be deemed more worthy of remembrance on this occasion than those who labored so untiringly to advance the general welfare of the people?

It becomes, then, not only our duty, but our pleasure, to recall their names, and recount their manly virtues, their sterling character, their political sagacity, their faithful devotion to principles, and to thus gather inspiration from their example to perform well and with unflinching fidelity the duties which devolve upon us, citizens of the government which they assisted in founding.

The Toast-master. — On the programme of the morning there was a poem by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, which was omitted in its place. In order that the exercises may be slightly varied, that poem will now be read by Richard S. Spofford, Esq.

REMARKS OF RICHARD S. SPOFFORD, ESQ.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — Appearing here solely in a representative capacity, I can assure you that you will not be detained with any prolonged remarks. Knowing the lateness of the hour, and that there are many others present from whom you expect to hear, I content myself by saying that I have felt an unusual degree of interest in this occasion and in all the incidents by which it has been rendered so agreeable and instructive. From my earliest youth, this honored town of Ipswich has been to me a locality of great attraction, and among her citizens I have numbered some of my warmest friends. Nor have I been unfamiliar with her history, or with their names and deeds by whom that history has been made so brilliant and impressive. Whenever and wherever I hear her name spoken, and recall the picturesque charms of wave and wood, of field and sky, which greets the eye at every turn of her beautiful river, I am touched by some such sentiment as that expressed by old Izaak Walton in these gentle words: "When I last sat on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them, as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays."

With these prefatory remarks, I trust I may now entertain you with the verses which it has been the great pleasure of my wife to contribute to this occasion.

THE TOWN OF IPSWICH.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Glad that two centuries and a half
Have closed your happy labor,
From all her rivers Newbury sends
A greeting to her neighbor.

And zoned with spray-swept lights, the grief
Of many storms upon her,
Old Gloucester calls, and Boston bends
Her triple crown in honor.

While Strawberry Bank cries o'er her reefs,
Wiscasset hears the voicing;
Great towns and hamlets up and down
The windy coast rejoicing.

Nor these alone, but they whose sires
Left fair Acadia weeping,
Remembering warm and welcoming hearths,
Your festival are keeping.

Songs, too, far over summer seas,
Should swell your birthday pæan,
From children of the Cape de Verde,
From isles of the Ægean.

For where gaunt Famine stalked in rear
Of battle's fell disorder;
Where stout hearts sank as harvests failed,
And fire swept through the border, —

Wide have you spread your generous hand
With fond repeated action,
And dropped, as showers drop out of heaven,
Your gracious benefaction.

Sweet Ipswich, throned upon your rock,
And at your feet your river,
Uncounted birthdays be your share,
Forever and forever!

Forever may your civic heart
Thrill, as in days long vanished,
Responsive to the anguished cry
Of houseless and of banished!

And never may the hearts you bless
To grateful impulse deaden,
But stir, as blossoming clover-fields
To rain and sunshine redden!

Forever may your river flow
In long, bewildering reaches,
To lose itself in foaming bars,
And surfs on silver beaches!

And dusk in reds and purples, bright
In green and golden shadows,
Fresh as the morning, ever keep
Unchanged your sea-born meadows!

Still may the flashing sea-gulls wheel
And scream beyond Bar Island,
As when they saw the "Mayflower" hang
Beneath old Winthrop's Highland!

And ever on your Hundreds may
The herds browse, and the swallows
Pursue the sails that mount and dip
To seek your dim sea-hollows!

Oh, blest may be the storied lands,
The Hills of Beulah dearer;
But to our hearts your sylvan charm
Must yet be something nearer.

And still the singer of the song
Finds no enchantment rarer,
And Ipswich shores so fair, that heaven
Itself can scarce be fairer.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — Our old Mother, in celebrating her two hundred and fiftieth birthday, does not selfishly confine herself to her own sons and

daughters, but has sent her invitation far and wide, that all might come who are interested, or in any wise connected with our ancient town. I offer as the next sentiment,

"*Our Guests.*"

A response will be made by Hon. Ben: Perley Poore of our sister town, West Newbury.

REMARKS OF MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE OF WEST NEWBURY.

Mr. President, — Is there a society with a long name here at Ipswich, whose protection I can claim against the cruelty of calling upon me — a reporter, and not a speaker — to address this brilliant audience? I find, too, upon reference to the programme, that I am one of two respondents to this toast, — a pilot balloon, as it were, sent off in advance of the larger and imposing one which is to follow. It was perhaps well, however, that a resident of Old Newbury should be selected to respond to the toast of "Our Guests;" for during the past two centuries and a half the men, women, and children of Old Newbury have often been welcomed here. A convenient resting-place, in the old days of horse-power, for those who journeyed between Newbury and Salem, Ipswich was noted for the hospitality of her citizens and the reasonable charges of her tavern-keepers. Why, Mr. President, the men of Newbury have drunk enough punch and flip here in Ipswich to fill the channel beneath Choate's Stone Bridge; and I doubt whether there was a headache in the whole of it.

Newbury, sir, was once a part of Ipswich, which was originally bounded on the north by the Merrimack River, on the east by Gloucester, and on the south by the Salem villages now known as Manchester, Wenham, and Gloucester. It was an Indian sagamoreship, or earldom, of which Masconnomet was the last sachem, and he sold his territory to Mr. John Winthrop, afterward the governor of Connecticut, for twenty pounds.

While I am not disposed to condemn the Puritans, who endeavored to found a theocracy in the forests of New England, I may be pardoned for saying that they were dependent on the military men who had been invited to cross the ocean, and who were not disposed to submit to the strict laws dictated by bigotry. At Ipswich, which was one of the frontier towns behind which Boston and Salem found security, Major General Denison, and others with martial reputations, gave proof of that military spirit which the soldiers of Ipswich afterwards displayed so gallantly and so gloriously in the old French war, in the Revolutionary struggle with Great Britain, and in the recent contest for the suppression of the Rebellion.

But, sir, I am to speak of the "guests" of Ipswich. Shall I go back to the Norsemen, who were here 877 years ago, or to Captain John Smith, who called the place Argona when he visited it in 1614? Shall I go back to Governor Winthrop, who came here in 1637; or to President Rogers of Harvard College, whose father preached here, and who married a daughter of General Denison; or to Governor Shute, who was escorted from here to Newbury by the once famous Ipswich troop? Shall I recall the visit of that gifted Frenchman, the Marquis de Chastellux, or that of the Father of his Country, George Washington, who here reviewed in 1789 the Third Essex Regiment, many of whose officers had served under him during the Revolution; or of General Lafayette, who in 1824 once more fraternized with his old comrade Colonel Wade, who was the commander in the Revolution (permit me to say) of my maternal great-grandfather, Robert Dodge of the Ipswich hamlets? Shall I recall those guests of Ipswich, — John Adams, Lowell, Parsons, Dexter, Webster, Story, Cushing, and Choate, — who often, with others "learned in the law," used to plead for their clients in the old Court House, and then tell stories at the tavern fireside?

What a brilliant panorama would the visits of the distinguished guests of Ipswich make! and how much could be said about them, did time permit! But, sir, I will not weary

your patience, and I will leave the subject in the hands of my eloquent coadjutor, expressing in conclusion a hope that the good old town of Ipswich may long continue to hospitably welcome her guests, and that her sons and daughters may say of her, as the Italians did of their beloved city, *Esto Perpetua!* — "Be thou eternal."

THE TOAST-MASTER. — I will also invite the Rev. GEORGE LEEDS, D.D., to respond to this toast.

REMARKS OF THE REV. GEORGE LEEDS, D.D., OF BALTIMORE.

IT is both a pleasure and an honor, Mr. President, to second the response which has been so felicitously made to you on behalf of the invited guests of Ipswich. I am proud to be numbered among them. To share in the hospitalities of the ancient town is a most agreeable distinction. And yet I am no stranger to Ipswich, — at least to its picturesque surroundings, — though I could wish for a more intimate acquaintance than I have with the good people that inhabit it. This is the place of my summer holiday and the abode of some of my nearest of kin. The mother of my children, though a native of Salem, was born of parents who went from Ipswich; and the roots of my family life, I anticipate, will cling more tenaciously to this genial soil than to any other spot, in the person of my only grandson.

We were told in eloquent words this morning of that worthy ancestry by which this settlement was planted. The son of a Puritan myself, I recognize gladly the many eminent virtues of the fathers from whom we are descended. Whatever the faults of our sires, — and their faults were patent, — they were not deficient at least in integrity of principle, in lofty purpose, in heroic courage. They were known for their fear of God and their love for the institutions of religion and learning. They brought with them to this country their

notions of civil and political privileges. The orator of the day has told us that their sentiments on these, and other kindred subjects, did not originate with themselves, however they were fostered most successfully here. Traceable back, in the germ of them, even to an Aryan source, they were unfolded in Old England by a slow growth of civilization abetted by the grace of the Christian faith. Letters and arts and humanities, and all that dignifies man, and conserves society, were the product of ages of human improvement. And such was the hold that hereditary things had obtained upon our fathers, that they imported into New England, not only their ideas of liberty and rights, but even a union of the Church with the State, of ecclesiastical ties with governmental rule, differing from the Establishment which they had left behind them, chiefly in this, — in that the State in Great Britain was nominally first: in the Colonies, the Church was actual leader, and enforced her own discipline by policies and laws. I am sure there are none of us who would revive that order; but I should profoundly regret, if, to a suspension of its influence, any decline could be traced in that fear of the Almighty, and reverence for his Word and ordinance, which are the stability of all times.

I remember with great pleasure that the early settlers at Agawam came over the water in the good ship "Arbella," or sailed in its company. From the cabin of that vessel was addressed by its inmates, and in the name of the rest, that filial and touching farewell to the mother-church of England, at whose breasts they acknowledged they had been spiritually nurtured, and for whose welfare they promised that they would continue to pray in their poor cottages in the wilderness.

I remember, also, Mr. President, that the elder Ipswich by the Orwell, for which the younger was named, had been wont to pride itself greatly for the visit of kings to its borders. Edward I., Edward III., Queen Elizabeth, and George II. honored it with their presence in their respective times. But the Ipswich we celebrate was *born* of a prince, wholly royal, save in blood. John Winthrop the younger was the son of

a father equally illustrious with himself. They were both rulers in their day, chief magistrates of Colonies; and their distinguished line re-appears this hour in the courtliest gentleman of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, one of her most honored citizens, who has favored you with a letter of congratulation, written in his own graceful and instructive terms.

I love to recall the fact that the Ipswich in fatherland had once its seat of learning, twin-sister to a foundation second to none in Oxford. I should like to compare lesser things with great, modest Mantua with Rome, and speak of your own goodly schools in the past, under Cheever and Cowles, and Miss Grant and others, which also, alas! are extinct, like Wolsey's college in the village which gave him birth. But I forbear. The want of time forbids me.

I thank you, Mr. President and kind friends, both on my own account and that of these numerous guests you have so generously welcomed; and I join with them in invoking a benison on your town and its people, on your homes and your hearts, on the places of your worship and your places of education, on the memorials of your fathers in the High School of Thomas Manning and the Public Library of Augustine Heard, on the monument you have erected to your patriot sons who died in the defence of our common country, on the peaceful industries of your village, on your teeming farms, on your cattle feeding in large pastures, and may I add, Mr. President, on your own Heartbreak Hill, the watch-tower of the Indian maiden who looked hence for her lover, and waited in vain for his return from the treacherous sea, until, as I trust, one true bachelor heart, responding to her call, brought peace to her troubled spirit. Excuse me, Mr. Haskell; but I am not sure that your name was not originally Hearts-Kill, which, for euphony and for short, was changed to the one you bear. Should this be so, I am confident that this goodly assembly will agree with me, that if, in some pre-existent state, all unconsciously now, all innocently then, you were the unhappy occasion of breaking the peace, and disappointing the hope,

of some young daughter of the forest, you have done the utmost in your power to make reparation by devoting a single undivided, unwedded life to her remembrance, and by going in your old age to meditate on her story.

I give you for a sentiment, Mr. President, "The Town of Ipswich, 'beautiful for situation,' at the confluence of the river and the tide-water, of the fresh stream from the meadows with the salubrious inlet from the ocean. Borrowing honor from the past in history, and worth from her present claims upon her children, she justly expects them to add to her lustre in the generations to come."

Or, in words which an aged friend and relative who has just retired from your banquet would have been glad to utter, I propose for him, "This lovely and picturesque" region.

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee."

The band played a selection.

LETTER FROM THE POET WHITTIER.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — A very pleasant letter has been received from Mr. Whittier, which will be read at this time: —

AMESBURY, 8 Mo. 14, 1884.

To the Committee of the Ipswich Celebration.

GENTLEMEN, — I very much regret that I am not able to avail myself of your kind invitation to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Ipswich, the ancient Agawam. There are few towns in New England of older date, or about which cluster more interesting historical and legendary associations. Like your neighbor, Old Newbury, while it has sent its emigrants over the continent, it has retained its home reputation for honest manhood and worthy womanhood. "Beautiful for situation" on its fair river and pleasant hills, overlooking bay and islands, the homesick eyes

of its far-wandering children may well brighten with joy as they gaze once more on its familiar and fondly remembered scenery.

Thanking you for the invitation to a celebration in which every son of Essex, whether present or absent, will have an interest, I am very truly your friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — Old Ipswich was a busy place. An historian of the first century, in speaking of it, says that among her manufacturers were rope-makers, coopers, gunsmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, glovers, tailors, soap-makers, maltsters, ship-builders, tanners, and curriers. In variety of occupation our modern town can hardly equal the ancient Agawam. Still we are not an idle people. Our acres are still tilled, our factory-wheels are still heard; and our next sentiment shall be,

"The Agricultural and Other Industrial Pursuits of Ipswich;"

to which response will be made by one than whom I cannot conceive a fitter person, the Hon. GEORGE B. LORING, United States Commissioner of Agriculture.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE B. LORING.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I am sure I agree with the president of this occasion, that Ipswich is a busy place. It always has been a busy place; it has always done its business well; and both its intellectual and its practical work, as you have been told, has been thoroughly well done on all public and private occasions. I have no doubt whatever that the sermon that Governor Winthrop preached here so many years ago was a model sermon to all the old clergy, and may be to all the young clergymen hereabouts, both

in doctrine and in phraseology. We will accept that as a perfect sermon. One of the most remarkable papers ever written in this Commonwealth, the paper that did more to guide this State on to the adoption of our Constitution, was concocted here in Ipswich, and is known as the "Essex Result." The most admirable centennial oration I have ever listened to in my life was delivered here this morning. I have delivered many a similar oration myself, sir. [Laughter and applause.] I am an expert in that kind of literature, and I know exactly how men peruse the annals of a town until the great panorama opens before their mind. Now, as I went on and listened to that elaborate, philosophical, and eloquent account of what Ipswich had done here in her theological, ecclesiastical, and political capacity (a record for this town before which the sermon of Governor Winthrop and the Essex Result will pale hereafter into insignificance as the student of this town pursues its annals), — as I listened to that discourse, my mind was occupied continually in the attempt to ascertain where this intellectual effort proposed to culminate, what the great final capstone of the monument of this town was to be. And my heart leaped up when I heard the orator say, "Now, my friends, I come to the foundation of all this great truth; I come to the business of this town, to the hard toil of our fathers, to the fundamental business upon which rests all educational interests, all theological efforts, all that makes us capable of understanding and realizing the great efforts of the mind of man." And my heart rejoiced more and more when I learned that the fathers here were all farmers. When I realized that there were representatives still in this Commonwealth of Saltonstall the first abolitionist, and of John Rogers the first martyr, who prided themselves at this day more that they were farmers than that they were abolitionists or martyrs, I felt that my time had at last come, and that I could take you all by the hand, and wander over the fertile fields of Ipswich, and admire these lands, in which six acres was considered farm enough; where every man was allowed a little garden-patch, because it was supposed the more land a man had, the

poorer he grew; in which the great agricultural industry of this country found its cradle, its birthplace, — that industry which occupied the entire attention of our fathers here, and without which all the sermons of Governor Winthrop, and all the papers of Theophilus Parsons, would have perished from the earth, and been heard of no more, and our clerical young brother would have had no opportunity to deliver his oration upon the power and prosperity of his birthplace.

Now, sir, what was the industrial condition of this town in the early days? You have read a long list of its occupations. I suppose there might have been one ropemaker, perhaps one shoemaker, perhaps one cooper. There may have been every variety of occupation, because every man in those days had to be his own shoemaker, and his own cooper, and his own carpenter, and his own wheelwright. And the material condition of this town — its carts, its wagons, and its shoes — illustrated the skill of the mechanics that made them most thoroughly. In the first place, however, they were farmers. They came here because they were farmers. John Winthrop and Richard Saltonstall sent them here because they were farmers. And with their shrewdness and thrift, which have characterized the succeeding generations of these families, they came here because they knew perfectly well that John Endicott had made a financial failure in Salem, and it was time to do something for the prosperity of the rising Colony. Naumkeag was three thousand pounds in debt. — We don't believe in having any debt in Salem now, do we, sir?

Mr. ——. — Theoretically.

Mr. Loring. — And so to-day, sir, when our necessities in Salem equal our opportunities, we send to Ipswich, and call on the intellectual and practical force of this town to come to our aid. Salem, sir, owes much, as we all know, to the sons of Ipswich, whose ancestors were farmers, and who now enjoy that system of landholding which the fathers of New England organized in the beginning, — a system which gave them that power and that strength which has made her people what they are.

THE
NEWBERRY
LIBRARY
CHICAGO

I am often reminded, when topics like these are discussed, of the opinion expressed by De Tocqueville nearly half a century ago with regard to the genius and power of the American Republic. His attention was naturally turned, on his arrival here, to the seat of government, where he expected to find the mainspring of our civil and economic action. His own country presented to his mind the most remarkable example of the influence exerted by a powerful and controlling central organization upon national civilization. To him Paris was France. From that great seat of power went forth all the forces which animated and controlled French energy and French thought. The author received his inspiration, the publicist his guidance, the artist his direction, the cultivator of the soil his relation to the land he cultivated, from the centralized forces which gathered around the capital of his country. To Washington, therefore, the mind of De Tocqueville naturally turned, and to Washington he directed his steps. The organization of our government was a matter of deep interest to him. The working of its various branches, all engaged in a common object, presented the problem which had been undertaken in no other country, and the solution of which depended entirely on the success of that Republic whose work began at the planting of the Colonies, and was the slow growth of centuries of toil and trial and conflict. He turned his attention to the executive branch of the government, in which the older countries had laid the cornerstone of their civil fabric; but neither in the person nor in the prerogative of the President did he find that vital force by which the working of a government could be guided or controlled. Naturally attracted by the representative body born immediately of the popular will, he expected to find in the two Houses of Congress the fountain of popular power, the spirit which had built up, and would naturally support, a popular government. But here, too, he was disappointed. He turned his steps to the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States; but in this august body he discovered nothing which would promote the growth of the Republic in peace, or

nerve its arm in war. Passing from these scenes, in which he found the machinery, and not the motive-power, he devoted himself to the study of the people themselves in their various occupations and industries. Remembering the relation which the peasantry of France bear to the land on which they live, he expected to find among the yeomanry of this country the animating spirit of our free institutions. In this he was not mistaken. He declared that the division and subdivision of American lands among the American people, with the civil rights and privileges which go with it, made this people great and powerful for every emergency, and for demands of prosperity and peace. He knew well that under the Code-Napoleon, France was divided into small landholdings, now numbering nearly a million; but he also knew, that, with the peasant proprietors of France, there could be found no such opportunities as belong to him whose civil lessons were taught in the town-meeting and the caucus. He came here to learn what American institutions were, and he found every landholder not only the possessor of a farm, but the possessor also of civil liberties of which we are all proud, and which we all enjoy. To the citizen in every walk in life, the service of this country is so open and so attainable, that the passage from private to public life is as natural as the breaking of the dawn, or the quick succession of the revolving seasons. The landholders, who constitute a large proportion of our population, pass with a certain admirable fitness of judgment from the land to the halls of legislation and to the popular assembly. De Tocqueville saw all this. He saw that resistless love of public service which inspires the active thought of the American people, that wisdom which they exercise in the successful appeal to a popular vote, that self-poise in political prosperity, that self-possession and courage, which they manifest under political defeat. To a people thus animated, to popular institutions thus founded, to the ownership of landed estates, with all the rights and privileges which go with it, he attributes the power of the American Republic, the only true Republic on the face of the earth.

Now, sir, the tanners and coopers and carpenters whom you have enumerated were the farmers, as well as the mechanics, of this town in the early days. They tilled the virgin soil here with skill and success. And not only they, but their professional brethren also, were members of that great agricultural community which occupied the entire area of the Colonies, developed their wealth, made the laws, fought out the wars. The clergy of New England, from whose firesides went forth the cultivated men of the land to guide the counsels and regulate the affairs of the State, and whose power in the pulpit constituted an ecclesiastical rule which has seldom been equalled, were farmers, as well as preachers, — thrifty, toiling, successful farmers. Their faith was fixed; their doctrines were established with authority. They had passed beyond the discussion of "fixed fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute," into high discourse on all these recognized and undoubted points. And having accepted their faith, and allowed their minds to be guided by it in the great paths of truth, they devoted their hours by day to their cornfields and potato-patches and orchards. In the long warm summer afternoons they might have been found following the hay-cart with an economy and patient care hardly known to Ruth as she gleaned in the fields of Boaz. Their salaries were small; their industry was great; their toil as clergymen and farmers was incessant; their usefulness was everywhere recognized; their lives were devoted; their memories are sacred. The physicians of that day, like their more powerful companions in the pulpit and the counting-house, owned broad lands, took care to stock their farms with good cattle, were ready at any time to receive from the patient whom they had killed or cured a choice bit of land by will ordered as a compensation for their professional services. Seldom did the lawyer carry his client through a long and tedious and complicated case in the courts, that he did not become possessed of the client's favorite woodlot before the case was finished. They all looked upon the land as a real possession. They all made farming the foundation of their business. They loved

and believed in the occupation. Their virtues were as firm as the hills they owned and admired. They were faithful and able citizens, the pillars of State; and, when war darkened the land, they fought for their altars and their fires, and by their deeds of valor won from the great poet and philosopher, sitting in the shadow of that monument erected to commemorate their noble acts as Revolutionary sires, that proud tribute —

> "Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

But I am reminded that I must leave this delightful picture, and pass on to the consideration of the present day. Connected with agriculture, and supplying the farmer with his local market, may now be found manufacturing communities made up of a busy and thriving people. Shoes, cloth, cordage, are all made here, and give life and energy and wealth to the town: forty-nine shoemakers, as the census tells us, and four hundred and forty-nine cloth-makers, descendants of those whose homespun clothing was spun by their wives, and woven by their daughters, the fair girls of a former generation, whose little weaving-rooms — just large enough to hold the weaver and the loom, and narrow enough to keep out all loving and lounging interference — still remain untenanted, it is true, but filled with memories of domestic happiness and thrift, — the commencement of an industry now employing hundreds of thousands of persons, and giving profitable investment to hundreds of millions of dollars. For the convenience of the early inhabitants, too, the peripatetic cobbler went from place to place with his lapstone and seat, producing, after many a day of toil at the fireside, a pair of boots which time and wear alone could bring into proper proportions — the dawn of that industry which to-day enables an operative to turn out a thousand shoes a day, and which last year produced a hundred million dollars in the State of Massachusetts alone. And so, too, has modern agriculture here advanced with rapid strides. While the manufacturers of

to-day produce about $548,000, the farmers are doing their share of the industry which makes the Ipswich of our day one of the busiest towns in this Commonwealth. The farms here yield a hundred and twenty gallons of milk daily. Seventeen thousand bushels of potatoes and eleven thousand bushels of corn are grown on the one hundred and fifty-eight farms here, whose annual crops are valued at nearly a hundred thousand dollars, including four thousand eight hundred tons of hay — the loose hay which almost monopolizes the market in this county. So, when I am told that the agriculture of Essex County is dying out, I turn to our diversified industries, so well represented in this town, and point to the widespread air of prosperity which marks this community, to the well-painted buildings, the well-cultivated fields, the comfortable homes of our people, and learn what mechanical occupations can do to aid the farmer in exercising the same ingenuity in his calling that the manufacturer does in his. The staple products are indeed abandoned; but the garden-crops have more than filled their places, and have added to the health as well as to the wealth of this community of manufacturers and ingenious agriculturists.

Now, sir, I have described the ancient and modern industries of this town, and have endeavored to lay before you the relations they hold to each other. In doing this I have been guided by the precepts of the eloquent orator of the day. I agree with him, that theological discussions are interesting. I agree with him, I trust, that an abiding faith is a source of most profound comfort to the human soul. I agree with him, that philosophical disquisitions on the condition of man, on the doctrines of spiritual and material evolution, are worthy of occupying the attention of the profoundest thinkers in the land. I agree with him also, that, leaving all this behind us, we can contemplate with supreme satisfaction the work of an industrious, independent, and loyal people, whose honorable record has continued from the days of the fathers even until now. If he, as a philosophical historian of the town, can estimate the material interests here as of foremost value, and

turn with pride to the sound foundation of honorable industry upon which a noble social and civil superstructure rests, how much more may I, as the Commissioner of Agriculture, whose mind is constantly occupied with the material welfare of the Republic, rejoice that the industrious habits of the fathers, as well as their abiding faith and their free aspiration, have been preserved to this generation! That we are a free people, a nation of brave hearts and vigorous minds, the world is conscious. But let us remember that we rejoice in an even-handed prosperity to be found nowhere else, that we are well fed, well clad, well housed, well supplied with the comforts and luxuries, the necessaries and the adornments, of life for the gratification of our "sense for conduct and our sense for beauty." And so I, representing the business of the community, commend to all the generations that come after us the ways of our ancestors, the ways of their sons, and the ways of ourselves, in the pursuit of those diversified industries which for us, as they did for them, give us this great power of self-support, and should teach America to leave other nationalities to carve out their own industrial career for themselves. And may the mental and moral and material record of Ipswich as an exemplary part of this Republic, guide her people in a career of industry and worth which will give the historian of a hundred years hence the opportunity to dwell on annals as noble as those which have been presented to us to-day with so much eloquence and power!

THE TOAST-MASTER. — I think that one of the most significant facts in our town history is, that in 1642 the town voted to establish a free school, and that in 1651 a Latin School was begun, to prepare boys for college; and that this school never ceased to perform its functions, until, by the munificent Manning gift, our present admirably equipped Manning School was founded, into which the old

Latin School was merged. I give, therefore, as the next sentiment: —

"*Our Public School System.*"

"Yet on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the schoolhouse stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies."

"The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain
The cunning hand and cultured brain."

I take great pleasure in calling, for a response to this toast, upon R. H. MANNING, Esq., of New York.

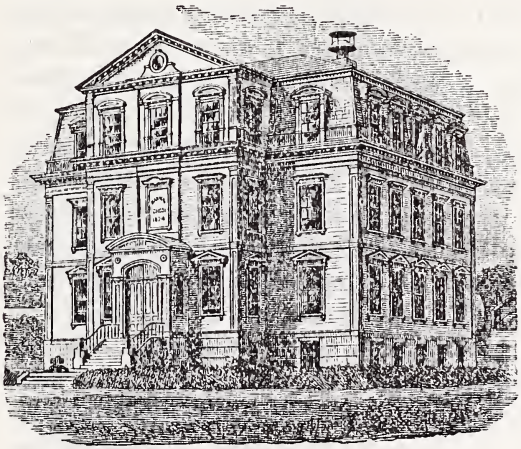
ADDRESS OF R. H. MANNING, ESQ.

AFTER the flood of eloquence with which we have been refreshed, I could wish, Mr. President, that some one more competent than I am had been called upon to respond to the toast just proposed: nevertheless, I am glad of an opportunity to say a few words to my fellow-townspeople about our public schools; not so much in eulogy of their past usefulness, as to offer some suggestions concerning their future.

What is that public-school system in which we have rejoiced so long? Upon what principle was it established? It was, in effect, a voluntary provision made by all, in proportion to each one's ability, for the good of all. It was a recognition of the fact that the interests and welfare of each member of the community are bound up with, and dependent on, the intelligence and well-being of every other member of the community. It was more than that prophetically, and is more than that to-day; for it is a constant impulse and a constant leading toward the practical realization of the great Christian doctrine of human brotherhood. For what it has been, and for what it is and is to be, we may well bring, on

such an occasion as this, our offerings of grateful remembrance to the men who laid this corner-stone of a true democracy.

But, while we congratulate ourselves on the enjoyment of this common heritage, we may well remember, that, like every other good thing, it is subject to the law of evolution, and that therefore it must develop into broader and broader usefulness, and become adapted, from time to time, to the needs of the time. The intention of its originators was to provide for the enlightenment of the whole people, to prepare the



THE MANNING SCHOOL.

citizen for the faithful, intelligent discharge of his political responsibilities, and to enlarge the capacity of all for their several callings and social duties. Such, doubtless, was their chief purpose, rather than the preparation of a few for what have heretofore been considered more scholarly attainments.

I have no desire, in this presence, to say a word in disparagement of that further culture in ancient classic lore which those may seek who have a taste for it and are willing to pay for it; but, as it is doubtful if such culture makes men better or more useful citizens, it is of questionable right to tax the public for such purely private purposes; and I deem

it a misnomer to call that a higher or a more liberal culture than can be had from the study of English literature and the great store of knowledge it contains.

Professor Huxley has well said, "If a man cannot get culture of the highest kind out of his Bible and Chaucer and Shakspeare and Milton and Hobbes and Bishop Berkeley, to name only a few eminent authors — I say, if he cannot get it out of these, he cannot get it out of anything." And we may add, and out of the more modern English and American history and poetry and fiction, and from such philosophers and moralists as Mill and Spencer and Darwin and Emerson, and from the study of the natural sciences, standing reverently at the door of the great temple of Nature, if, haply, we may enter in, and see the unfolding of her mightiest and her minutest wonders. Is not this, rather, the liberal culture? And are not such the things that should be wrought into the intellectual fibre of each rising generation? And is not the mother-tongue rich enough in power and grace of expression to challenge cultivation even by the most scholarly?

I plead only for the greatest good of the greatest number in the administration of our public schools. Not the literary man nor the lawyer, not the doctor nor the minister, should have at the public cost a more liberal preparation for their calling than the farmer, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the engineer, and the builder have for theirs.

In times past, and not so long past that some of us cannot remember them, spelling and the three R's constituted the entire curriculum of many of our public schools: now there are other studies taught in them which no youth who would keep himself abreast of the times, and who means to stand for something as a social factor, can afford to neglect. To say nothing of literature and music and drawing, there are physics and chemistry and botany and physiology that demand attention. These, and others like these, concern our every-day practical life. But they cannot be learned in the old way, — from books alone, or with words only, which are but the signs of things. They must be studied with the things

themselves, so far as practicable, in our hands, and before our eyes.

Already, here and in Europe, educators are insisting that the desideratum in schools is experimental and manual training. For this we must have not only larger cabinets, more apparatus, and better chemical laboratories, but also well-equipped workshops with expert teachers, where our boys, and girls too, can learn something of the nature and properties of materials, and of the best methods of converting them to human uses.

We boast of our public-school system, and are prone to think it the best in the world. We must look to our laurels. Europe is ahead of us in some respects, especially in the matter of manual and technical schools: as a consequence, we still import many of the finer fabrics in use. If we would not be outdone in our manufactures, and have them permanently shut out of foreign markets, we must inspire our youth with an ambition to excel in whatever they do, and give them such intellectual and industrial training as will make them the best workmen in the world. But this is not all. Important as are these material interests, they are but the foundation on which is to be built a nobler social and spiritual life.

In the school of the future, attention will be given to teaching the principles of taste, and to the cultivation of the sense and love of beauty; so that their refining influences, manifested in all our homes, will make them more attractive, and more conservative of order and morality. And above all, in view of the declining influence of religious teaching, especially on young men, there will be need of a more comprehensive teaching of morals than heretofore — not the morals of Sunday-school books, nor of the Ten Commandments only, however good they may be, but that more thorough understanding of the motives and reasons for right-doing, to ourselves as well as to others, which can come only from a scientific investigation of our nature and our needs.

A constant and an important feature of our public-school system has been the co-education of the sexes, and in the same

studies. In due time, and as a logical outcome, this must lead to the emancipation of woman from social, legal, and political disabilities. Not until she stands the peer of man in all these relations, and not until righteousness and justice, informed with intelligence, shall guide and control the conduct of all, will our public schools have done their perfect work.

Let us hope that in the not distant future, and long before she celebrates the three hundredth anniversary of her corporate existence, Ipswich may have some such school as I have suggested among her most cherished institutions.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — The next sentiment is,

"The Soldiers of Ipswich: their record from the earliest settlement of the country to the present time has been one of unblemished honor and patriotism."

A response was expected from JOHN D. BILLINGS, Esq., commander of the Massachusetts Grand Army; but in his absence there will be a response made by the band.

The band played "Marching through Georgia."

MR. SAYWARD. — We have all listened this morning with very great pleasure to a very able and eloquent address, and I have no doubt, sir, that we all feel under obligation to the speaker for his services. It seems to me that there should be some public recognition or acknowledgment of the great service which he has rendered, and it is for this purpose that I rise to offer this sentiment: —

"The Orator of the Day: descended from the old Puritan stock, through whose veins flows the blood of sturdy ancestry, his effort to-day has demonstrated the fact that the talents of the fathers have been transmitted to their children, even to the eighth generation. 'May his tribe increase!'"

RESPONSE OF REV. JOHN C. KIMBALL.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, — I promise you that my response to this toast, an interpolation, as I see, in the regular programme, shall be a good deal less than an hour in length, even a clergyman's preaching-hour. I thank you very much for the complimentary reference to me in your toast, and for the patience and kindly judgment with which you listened to my words this morning. I am indeed proud of being counted a son of old Ipswich, and of having in my veins the blood of eight generations nourished at its breast. I have always loved it from a boy up; always thought of it, even while my work has been elsewhere, as my real home; always felt glad that I was born on its soil, that I got my first ideas of what beauty, nature, country, and God's earth are among its rounded hills, and along its winding stream; that I learned letters in its public schools, and religion in its church and Sunday school; glad, Unitarian as I now am, that I was taught here the good old Orthodox faith, — the best possible foundation, so I have found it, for what I rejoice in to-day; and glad above all else, that I learned what parental love and care are in one of its blessed homes. Like General Michael Farley, — that grand old Revolutionary soldier, who, at the reception of Lafayette on his visit here, took off not only his hat, but his wig also, in his excitement, and anxiety to show him respect, — I feel, whenever I think of my indebtedness to the town, as if I ought, somehow, to give it double honor. And this feeling of reverence, an instinct before, has been immeasurably increased by my study of its records and of its history in preparing for this occasion. I tell you, friends, you especially, young men and women whom I see here, that we none of us have ever half appreciated what it is to be the offspring and heirs of this good old town, — what stock it was made of at first, what labors, love, and prayers have gone to build it up, what whole-souled men and women have illustrated its annals, how grand are its

traditions, and how largely it concentrates in itself all that is richest and best in our New England life and in our free American institutions. Never speak ill of it. To love and honor one's native town is the letter A in the love and honor of one's country; and the best influence of this present celebration will be its fresh inspiration to us who are now living to show ourselves the worthy heirs of its grand traditions, to take up and carry on in the town-meeting, and on every possible occasion, the work of progress that the fathers began, imitating the large public spirit of its early years and of its Revolutionary period, and to make the fruit of our ancestral tree a fit outcome of its precious seed and of its faithful sowers.

"On this enchanted loom
Present and past commingle, fruit and bloom
Of one fair bough, inseparably wrought
Into the seamless tapestry of thought;
So charmed, with undeluded eye we see
In history's fragmentary tale
Bright clews of continuity,
And feel ourselves a link in that entail
Which binds all ages past with all to be."

THE TOAST-MASTER. — I take pleasure in proposing now a toast to the

"*Member of Congress from the Seventh District,*"

and invite a response from Hon. EBEN F. STONE.

REMARKS OF HON. EBEN F. STONE.

MR. PRESIDENT, — This is an interesting day for the people of Ipswich. I have felt, while sitting here, as the Governor did, when he said in his speech to you a short time since, that he tried to find something which would justify him in claiming that he had some right here beyond that which originated in the invitation. I feel as though I had some title to be here; for while I am not of Ipswich

stock directly, yet I happen to be a lineal descendant of one of those who went from Ipswich in 1635 to Newbury. You recollect it is stated in the history of those days, that the little Colony which was first born, so to speak, of this old town of Ipswich, and which went to Newbury, consisted of some of the chief men of this place. And among those who went from here at that time to settle that old town near here at the mouth of the Merrimack, was one William Moody, named in the history. Being one of his lineal descendants, I think that I may rightly claim that I am not altogether a stranger here to-day.

I wish to call attention to one or two matters which have always interested me in relation to this whole line of coast. It is interesting, Mr. President, to remember a matter to which you referred this morning, — that in 1630 Governor Winthrop ordered that persons should be forbidden from settling here in this town. He forbade, as far as he could control it, the settlement of people here in 1630. Now, it is curious to inquire why he interposed at that time to prevent a settlement here. It must have been that, even then, Winthrop and his party anticipated the importance of having the people of this whole territory, extending from Charles River to three miles north of the Merrimack, occupied by men in entire sympathy with his party: so, at that time, Governor Winthrop instructed those that were identified with him to prevent any settlement by other parties in Ipswich. In 1633 and 1634, when a settlement took place, it is no exaggeration to say that the party that was sent here to occupy this old town at that time was made up of picked men. Those who went from Ipswich to Newbury, as I have already said, were a select party made up of the chief men of Ipswich. So early, in those days, it was evidently a part of the purpose of Winthrop and his associates to take possession of this coast, not only because they wanted to hold it against the French, but because they feared that their rights might be interfered with by persons claiming under other grants: on the one side, parties claiming under those who were in the neighbor-

hood of Ipswich before them; and, on the other side, parties claiming under those who settled Portsmouth, and who undertook to occupy the territory immediately east of the Merrimack River. It is interesting to know that this part of the State of Massachusetts was occupied by men who represented, in a special sense, the ideas and interests which controlled Winthrop and his party when they came here and took up this spot on this coast.

I stand now for the Seventh District of this State. And of all the districts which now compose the Union (of which this is only one three-hundred-and-twenty-fifth part), of all the districts in this country of ours, so large and so extended, there is not a single one which contains to-day more of the spirit, and more of the ideas, which animated our forefathers in the past, than can be found in this district which I have the honor to represent. De Tocqueville says in his History, that it was New England ideas that extended to neighboring States, and from those States to distant States, until they finally permeated the entire country; and that American institutions and American laws are the product of New England ideas. If that be true, if this country of ours, with its institutions to-day, is properly the product of New England ideas, there is no part of New England which can rightfully claim credit for having contributed in all respects more freely to that result than the Seventh District, which covers this coast between Salem and the Merrimack.

The special interest which caused our fathers to unite to form this union was the commercial interest of this country. Is it not true that in those early days this commercial interest was largely represented by the merchants of Salem, Marblehead, Beverly, Ipswich, and Newburyport? And so here we find that spirit of union which finally took form in the government which was eventually established. It was especially represented by the people who lived here upon this coast. It is therefore a matter of great satisfaction to me that I can claim the credit of being, to some extent, identified with the district and with the territory which, from

the early history of the country, has contained the men who have shaped, to a large extent, the ideas and institutions which have from time to time prevailed. Why, sir, I have reason to think, and I have no doubt that you think, that John Winthrop and his party came here expecting something more than a little settlement upon this coast. I believe that John Winthrop and his party, when they landed upon this desolate coast some two hundred and fifty years ago, had dreams of ambition, and that they expected, at no distant day, that they should establish a State here which should have a place, and an honorable place, in the history of mankind. But they could not have anticipated, not the most successful of the adventurers of that body could have anticipated, that in less than three centuries there would be established upon this continent an empire which should rival the great powers of the world, and that should even lead England itself in all that constitutes national greatness and prosperity.

Mr. Green, in his interesting History of England, in one passage, speaks of the greatness of this country and of its future promise, and declares that hereafter the path of English empire will not be by the Thames and the Humber, but along the valleys of the Mississippi and the Hudson, upon this western continent. And not only will England rejoice in the prosperity of this country, but England, through America, is in the future to have the primacy of the human race. English laws, English ideas, and English institutions, as represented upon this continent, will be hereafter the intellectual, the moral, and the material life of mankind.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — Mr. Whittier, in his letter, speaks of the great number that have gone out from this old town over the whole continent. We have here absent townsmen from north, south, east, and west, and it is very fitting that we propose to them a sentiment: —

"*Our Absent Fellow-townsmen.*"

I invite a response from Colonel LUTHER CALDWELL, ex-Mayor of Elmira, N. Y.

ADDRESS OF COLONEL LUTHER CALDWELL.

MR. PRESIDENT, — I am sure I can accede to the request of the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, when he notified me that I should respond to this toast, to "respond briefly." I think he must have had in his profound mind the extent of the services of this day; and it has recalled to my mind the words of Dr. Watts: —

> "God is in heaven, and man below;
> Be short our tunes, our words be few."

And I am sure I can approve of that sentiment at this late hour in the afternoon, for the lengthening shadows warn us that this day's events will soon terminate.

I have heard nothing to-day — indeed, since I arrived in this town yesterday — but about my fathers and forefathers. I am full of antiquities and genealogies. I shall dream about Governor Winthrop, or Richard Saltonstall, or some of those venerable men whose names have been so repeatedly mentioned here, if I dream at all to-night. At a ministerial association out in Western New York, where I live, each of the ministers was assigned some theological topic or question to discuss, and there was a little difference of opinion as to who should have the first chance at the audience. The chairman, however, who had the assignment, called upon brother Johnson to speak first, because he was full of his subject; and immediately announced that the subject was "The Personality of the Devil." We are all full of this subject to-day. You cannot touch an Ipswich man, or any man who has been in Ipswich to-day, who is not chock-full of two hundred and fifty years of the history of this ancient town. Every one who has spoken here to-day has said that the subject had been exhausted; but they manifested, before they got through, that it had not been entirely exhausted.

REV. THOMAS COBBETT'S HOUSE.

HELIOTYPE PRINTING CO.

BOSTON.

THE DODGE HOUSE

We have exhausted the day, the dinner, ourselves, and, very nearly, the audience.

Now I am to speak of our absent fellow-townsmen. Perhaps you will expect me to say something about Ipswich being a good place to emigrate from; but I will not say that, because Ipswich is a good place to emigrate to, and a very desirable place to live in. "Young man, go West," said Horace Greeley; but Mr. Greeley had never visited Ipswich, or he would have said, "Young man, go to Ipswich." It should be remembered that our fathers who came to America were obliged to land on the coast: the rich lands of the interior were closed to them. On all the Atlantic coast, from Maine to Florida, there is no more pleasant or healthy place than Ipswich, nor one on the seashore line more fertile, or containing more natural beauties, or greater advantages. Mr. President, I know something of the coast from Maine to Florida; I have been along its entire extent, and I know of no more beautiful place along the whole eastern coast of the United States than here. If our ancestors had sought for some place, if they had known as thoroughly as we know the Atlantic coast to-day, they could have entered no more beautiful harbor, they could have found no more fruitful fields, than you find here in old Ipswich. To those of us who have wandered away, these attractions of the town are ever present in mind wherever we go. To those of you who have remained, and kept green the graves of our venerable sires, and cultivated the ancestral farms, Pope's words are appropriate: —

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

"Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire."

Mr. President, this has been a red-letter day, indeed, for old Ipswich. Her sons have come from near and afar; and friendly greetings between those long absent and separated, has been one of the marked features of this notable occasion. The town has been hardly able to hold all the thousands gathered within her fold. The decorations of both public and private buildings have been general and in good taste. The grand old elms which ornament the streets on every side, stretching out their broad-armed branches over our heads, as if invoking countless blessings thereon, stand like

"Sentinels to guard enchanted land."

The summer foliage of the trees and herbage never looked fairer and fresher; and the beauty of the town in all its parts, draped, and in its holiday attire, makes the visit of your absent sons a luxury and joy, and an event long to be remembered with just pride. Also especially to be commended was the soldierly bearing and military discipline of the veterans of "Grand Army" boys, whose appearance, with full ranks of the Ipswich and Essex posts, has been the proudest and most honorable feature of all the incidents of this great and brilliant celebration. In closing these brief remarks, permit me, in behalf of your absent sons, to thank and compliment you, Mr. President, the committee, and the people of this dear old town, on the success of this anniversary of its incorporation.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — We would like a further response from Rev. R. S. RUST.

RESPONSE OF REV. R. S. RUST.

MR. PRESIDENT, — At this late hour I beg to be excused. I want to show that there is one descendant of Ipswich that is not an everlasting talking-machine.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — We have another toast that surely is very apt. We have been talking about the virtues of the men of old Ipswich. It would be very ungallant in us not to remember that there were women in the olden time. Though they lived in log-cabins, and their hands handled the loom and the knitting-needle, and they dressed in homespun, they were ladies every inch. And though these sons of those old worthies may not inherit the olden virtues, certainly we may not say of the daughters of those olden ladies, that they are not their peers every whit. In response to this toast,

"The Ladies of Ipswich,"

we would be pleased to hear from Mr. FRANCIS R. APPLETON.

All the adjacent seats on the platform being occupied by ladies, Mr. Appleton, on rising, assured the audience of a short speech, by calling attention to the fact that he was already in the midst of his subject. Mr. Appleton then spoke as follows: —

ADDRESS OF MR. FRANCIS R. APPLETON.

MR. PRESIDENT, — When, in the course of events, a man finds himself about to pay his addresses to one lady in particular, there is for him uncertainty and trepidation enough about it. Now, at your invitation, sir, I make bold to offer my lips to salute such an array of loveliness as my modesty never dreamed of. But who could be backward when the ladies of Ipswich summon him to arms? This is a complicated and difficult question, — how to treat our girls? It was in the endeavor to solve the problem of how to treat *his* girl, that a young man in a near town was filled with con-

sternation and dismay at reading the words over a confectioner's door: "Ice-cream, one dollar per gal!"

I will not presume to draw a picture of any Ipswich ladies who, all about us to-day, have enlisted our hearts. However skilful my pencil, the features might not resemble the miniature each one of you men carries in his heart; and the ladies themselves, in their dissatisfaction, might destroy the portrait and the artist besides.

The general part of this interesting subject, Mr. President, I will leave to its own bewildering cloud of fascination and delusion, with the ancient remark, "If woman is a conundrum we cannot guess, we will at least never give her up."

It is to the daughters of Ipswich that I come to make my bow to-day, for myself, and for you, Mr. President, and for all of us. These are the jewels that old Ipswich bids us behold. Though I have admired them long, I have never been allowed to tell my love till now. It is impossible to look upon the women of Ipswich, who delight us to-day, without a thought — and that a most reverent one — of the honored women of the olden time. As I have listened to-day to accounts of the austere and sombre character of the Puritan fathers, I am reminded of the witty remark of Mr. Choate, himself a son of Ipswich, and whom we all miss here to-day, to the effect, that, in his opinion, the Puritan mothers deserve more consideration of us than the Puritan fathers, because they had to endure not only all the Puritan fathers had to endure, but they had to endure the Puritan fathers themselves.

The virtues of these Puritan mothers were great and high. How well have their descendants testified to that noble heritage! On that shaft yonder are inscribed the names of dead heroes. Between and about the engraved roll there is another writing, — a record above the engraver's art to express. It is the devotion and sacrifice of the mothers, the wives, and sweethearts to whom those brave men belonged.

Dame Ipswich is pre-eminently our mother to-day, as, clothed in her lasting beauty, she sits offering hospitality

and welcome. Since her last birthday meeting, a generation of sons and daughters has been born unto her, has looked upon her brown hills, walked her streets, and many of them passed out the other side. It is your high office, Mr. President, on this occasion, as on the former, to stand by the side of the old lady, and, acting as her chamberlain, to introduce her returning children. I am sure you, in common with us all, wish that we might put our arms about her Great Neck, to show our filial love.

As she grows weightier with years and importance, and, in the time to come, fairer and rounder with increasing and ever-honorable maternity, may God bless the fair women who become her daughters!

BAND. — "The Girl I left behind Me."

THE TOAST-MASTER. — Our old mother is also a dutiful daughter, and she sent her respects to old Ipswich over the sea; and a very pleasant response has come, in the shape of a letter from the Mayor of Ipswich, in which he says, —

LETTER FROM THE MAYOR OF IPSWICH, ENGLAND.

IPSWICH, July 29, 1884.

DEAR SIR, — I regret it is not in my power to be present at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Ipswich, Mass., as my mayoralty duties entirely prevent my being absent from home for any long period during my year of office. I should have returned thanks for old Ipswich among some of the descendants of those who emigrated from their native land in order that they might have freedom to carry out their political and religious opinions, which was denied them in England. Being a descendant in a direct line from Philip Henry, I can fully sympathize with your Puritan fathers, who endured persecution because they desired to carry out their own views; and admire their adherence to those glorious principles which actuated Cromwell, Hampden, and that noble

band who fought for their liberties, rather than bend and be trodden down by our Stuart kings.

Wishing that your enterprising town may increase and prosper, and ever be celebrated for its civil and religious liberty,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN MAY,
Mayor of Ipswich, England.

JOHN HEARD, Esq., of the Committee of Arrangements.

To-day has brought us a cablegram from the corporation of Ipswich as follows : —

TELEGRAM FROM IPSWICH, ENGLAND.

[RECEIVED AT 9.27 A.M., AUG. 16, 1884.]

AUG. 15, 1884.

The Corporation of Ipswich, England, send their hearty congratulations to the Corporation of Ipswich, Mass., on the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their incorporation, and wish them continued prosperity.

MAYOR OF IPSWICH, ENGLAND.

May I ask the band to play "God save the Queen"?

The band played "God save the Queen."

THE TOAST-MASTER. — We come now to the last toast on this occasion, which is,

"*The Survivors of the Last Celebration*, 1834."

I invite a response from one of those who participated in that celebration, the Hon. S. H. PHILLIPS.

ADDRESS OF HON. S. H. PHILLIPS.

MR. PRESIDENT, — I must say it is not very exhilarating, when the lengthening shadows of evening remind us of the close of the day, to be called upon to play the part of an old

man. As I remember matters fifty years ago, the people whom we were called upon to stand aside for were the surviving soldiers of the Revolution, — those decrepit old men who were handed into carriages, and who held canes in their hands as they tottered towards them. Well, now, I hope I have not quite come to that. But, Mr. President, I think I have a right to say, if you will call upon me as a veteran, that I am only a veteran by brevet: I am not a veteran in the line of commission at all. I have got some good fight in me yet. And yet it is literally true, and just exactly and only literally true, that I was present at your celebration fifty years ago. It came about in the most natural way in the world. I remember one evening old Mr. John White Treadwell, a native of Ipswich, and an old friend of my father, came into my father's house and said, "You must all go to the Ipswich celebration this year. Have n't you got anything to do with Ipswich?" — "Yes," said my father: "my mother is a descendant of an Ipswich family." [She was a descendant of the Simple Cobbler of Agawam; but I did n't know that then.] "But," said Mr. Treadwell, "you *must* go." They decided to go. Like an impertinent little fellow, I said, "Can't I go too?" I felt as innocent and unsophisticated as Oliver Twist when he asked for more. "What in the world can we do with you?" said my honored parent. "Well, I guess I can go." — "No," said my father: "you will be terribly in the way." Then my old grandmother chimed in, and said, "Perhaps that boy, if he wants to go so much, ought to have a chance. You ought to give him an opportunity to go. What he sees he will remember, and perhaps he will tell about it twenty or thirty years hence." So they gave in, these two old gentlemen: they could not stand my grandmother's real Ipswich spirit. She was an Appleton, and proud of her Ipswich descent. I interjected that the celebration would occur on my birthday, and by teasing I got a chance to come to Ipswich. Well, the day came around, and early in the morning we started off for Ipswich. There were no railroads in those days: at

any rate, none in Essex County, — no railroad at all, — and we made the journey from Salem to Ipswich in a one-horse chaise. We got to Ipswich. It was not such a gala-day as we celebrate to-day, and yet we felt pretty grand. And what did I especially notice everywhere as I looked around? Salem men — Salem men here, and Salem men there. I may call names now, because it was a good while ago, — Mr. William Lummus, and then old Mr. Jesse Smith the watchmaker. Said I to my father, "Do all the Salem people live in Ipswich?" — "No," he replied; "but most of the Ipswich people go to Salem." I have two old gentlemen in mind now. There is one of them [pointing to Mr. Jeremiah S. Perkins]: they have been sitting opposite me at the table. They were old men fifty years ago. They are the kind of old men you want to bring up. Fifty years ago that was an old man. He used to make my clothes, I believe.

Mr. Perkins. — Yes, sir.

Mr. Phillips. — Well, those were the men that we found here.

I will try to tell you a little more about that celebration, if I can remember it with exactness. My grandmother told me to remember it twenty or thirty years. We got into the procession. I never was in one before in my life. I thought it almost too ridiculous for anything. One kind young gentleman, however, took me by the hand and said, "You can walk in right behind the old folks." There I saw the chief marshal of the day, Colonel Miller, a gentleman I remember seeing about Salem when he was an officer of the Salem Cadets. I remember him by the red coat he wore when he trained: I don't remember much except that. He was the chief marshal of the day. I got into the church. Another young gentleman, I don't know who it was, took me by the hand and led me in. I had not been in the church long, before the services commenced. It was an old-fashioned church, with square pews with little railings on top. Before long, crack, crack, went the galleries! I never knew such a commotion. Everybody jumped. What they

were jumping for I didn't know; but I feel very sure I did some of the jumping myself, for I found myself in a little pew, with an old Revolutionary soldier sitting at my side. He said, "My little friend, what would n't I give if I were as nimble as you are! I wish I could go over a pew-rail as quick as you." Then I heard somebody calling out terribly for Colonel Kimball. I did n't know what Colonel Kimball had to do with it; but I remember that pretty soon Mr. J. Choate Kimball came along, and they brought in two great pieces of joist, and caused them to be placed up under the gallery to shore it up. Then, after it was all comfortable, Colonel Kimball, I fancy it was, or some such man, got up, and said the gallery was perfectly safe, and there was no danger, and we sat down and tried to be calm; for even all the ecclesiastical learning of Dr. Dana, and the astounding eloquence of Mr. Choate, were not enough to keep us quiet in the excitement. I stood it as well as I could. I had seen Mr. Choate in Salem before that. I thought he was a most extraordinary man. What glossy curly black hair he had! How he curled up his lower lip! How he pounded that old pulpit! He was an energetic speaker, I can tell you. Well, I listened and listened, and I did wish it would end. I thought I would never go to another Ipswich celebration as long as I lived. But still I suppose it was all very fine. Everybody else said it was, and so I suppose it was. Well, the thing ended finally, and then we went out.

Then there was to be a dinner. The dinner was laid somewhere about where this tent is pitched now; but everything was on a smaller scale. When I got out there, my much respected parent showed by strong signs that he wished that little boy of his had staid at home; for, of all the elephants on a small scale, he was about the worst — always in the way, always asking questions. "Little folks should be seen, and not heard." I perceived that he wished I was at home: still I fought my way. I meant to see the celebration out, and I did. My father rather excused himself from going to the dinner at all. He could not go because he had got to

take care of me. Then old Judge Cummings, — don't any of you remember Judge Cummings? [A voice, "Yes, sir."] — a man of most benign appearance, a man who always had a care for little boys, — he came up and patted me on the head, and said, "I think the boy ought to have a chance too." I looked at him with wonder, admiration, love, and praise. I never saw a man I admired as much in my life as I did that man. I was going to get something to eat. He had a very old-fashioned look, a commanding figure, curly brown hair, an immense frill to his shirt, and a very grand and airy appearance in every way. He took me by one hand, and my respected parent took me by the other, and in we went and sat down to dinner. I suppose it was first-rate. I suppose it tasted about as well to me as it would have done to Lieutenant Greely's poor Arctic voyagers. It seemed to me to be the grandest dinner I ever had in my life. I ate everything that was in front of me. I particularly remember old Mr. Lord, your much respected Register of Probate down here so many years. He presided. He had then a most venerable aspect: I believe he was always that kind of a man, and always looked venerable. He produced some pears, and gave us a history of the old pear-tree on which they grew. I wish I had some of the pears now. But we got through with the dinner. I had never been to a public dinner before, and I did n't know what they were made of, or what people had to eat. I supposed everybody was as hungry as I was, and was expected to eat as much as I did. But "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" was something I did not appreciate until much later in life. This "feast of reason and the flow of soul" began; and old men whose names have passed away, whose faces are lost sight of, but whose memory lives in the grateful affections of the people of this county, got up one after another, and spoke about old times. I remember Mr. Saltonstall, not our friend here to-day, but his distinguished father, — I remember how he spoke with earnestness and clearness, looking right out at the end of the tent where a cloth was pinned on with the inscription: "In General Court,

August 5, 1634 (old style), *Voted* that Agawam be called Ipswich." "That," Mr. Saltonstall said, "is commonplace enough, and yet, after all, it was the day of the foundation of a town as distinguished and as worthy in New England annals as any town in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." I remember distinctly Mr. Saltonstall's allusion to that. Two or three others spoke. Finally Mr. Choate spoke. I remember the Salem people: I do not remember those that were not Salem people. At last Mr. Choate got going again. Well, I thought, if he were not the queerest man! I have seen him a good deal since; but he did seem to me then the queerest man I ever put eyes on. I never heard a man that could roll off the words as fast as he did and tell such stories. He told one story (one gentleman here says my father told it; but he did not) — I remember some story of this kind, of the old worthies, old Puritan worthies. An old man had been taunting a minister (perhaps it was old Ward, the Simple Cobbler of Agawam), an energetic old minister of the day, because things did n't go very well with him. Finally they got mixed up in a wrestling-match, and the minister threw the old man over the fence. I said, "Did they have such ministers in those days?" — "Well," Judge Cummings said, "they had different ministers in those days, and, if you ever come here to another centennial, you will find that the people that you meet here another day will be a good deal different from what we are." I believe it has been said here to-day that Governor Winthrop came here on one occasion "to exercise by way of prophecy." Judge Cummings must have been exercising himself "by way of prophecy" on that occasion. It seems as if he had spoken the truth, as I look back to-day upon all which has occurred. How much food there is for reflection for all of us! How much has come to pass within a few years! and within fifty years how very much!

I said, when I began, that there was no railroad at the time we first came to Ipswich. There was a railroad partly opened between Boston and Newton, on the road to Worcester. In the course of that dinner it was the subject of conversation as

one of the current events of the day. The gentlemen around us talked about it as an occasion of some importance; but they came to the conclusion that the railroad would not come to much. It would be pretty hard to make a railroad which would be self-sustaining; and in this country, at least, to say nothing of England, the idea of making a railroad profitable was absolutely out of the question.

So much for the wisdom of the great men of those days. Why, I think that if the worthy fathers of the County of Essex could revisit this world once more, and take part in the festivities of this occasion, and consider the events which are transpiring all around us, they would pause in solemn awe while they contemplated the growth of this country, the development of its material wealth, the marvellous achievements in science, the enlargement of human liberty everywhere, and the general advancement of the human race. In view of the solemnity of this occasion, looking forward to the distant future for what may transpire hereafter, with a deep feeling of reverence for the past, and an all-abiding faith in the all-hail hereafter, let us leave it to those who may speak in this place fifty years hence to delineate the next chapter in the progress of Ipswich.

TELEGRAM TO IPSWICH, ENGLAND.

Mr. Sayward. — It has been suggested that a response should be made by this assembly to the telegram which has been received from England, and Mr. Heard proposes this: —

Aug. 16, 1884.

To the Mayor of Ipswich, England.

The town of Ipswich, celebrating its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, sends thanks to Mother Ipswich for her kindly greeting, and best wishes for her continued prosperity.

The telegram was accepted by the audience.

CLOSING EXERCISE.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — We will now close our festivities by a selection from the band: "Auld Lang Syne."

The band played "Auld Lang Syne," and, while the audience was separating, played a march.

SELECTIONS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Augusta, Me., Aug. 12, 1884.

Mr. Sayward, Chairman of the Committee of Invitation.

Dear Sir, — It is with sincere regret that I find myself unable to be present at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Ipswich.

Personally I have the most agreeable associations with your town, and by marriage I have a right to sit at your board. My children inherit the blood of two families who were among the original colonists that pitched their tents at Ipswich.

With such ample reason for deep interest in your town, I need not assure you of the great pleasure it would give me to join in your celebration, if my engagements would permit me to leave Maine at this time.

Very sincerely,

James G. Blaine.

Department of the Interior,
Pension Office, Washington, D.C., Aug. 7, 1884.

George E. Farley, Esq., Secretary, etc., Ipswich, Mass.

Dear Sir, — I have your invitation of the 29th of July to attend the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Ipswich, and regret very much my inability to be with you. I regret it the more, as my maternal grandfather, Nathaniel Wade, is identified with the early history of the place, having resided there during and prior to the Revolutionary War, in which he took a prominent part. He was, I believe, a minute-man at Bunker Hill, and afterwards served as colonel or

lieutenant-colonel on the staff of one of the general officers, and was at one time, I think, temporarily in command of West Point, after the desertion of Arnold.

I am at present quite ill, being confined to my bed, with no prospect of being able to be out for some days yet.

While I deeply regret that I shall not be able to be present at your anniversary, I desire to thank you heartily for your courtesy in extending to me the invitation.

Very truly yours,

W. W. Dudley.

Boston, 91 Boylston Street, July 18, 1884.

George E. Farley, Esq., Secretary, etc.

Dear Sir, — I have received your kind invitation to be present as the guest of the town of Ipswich, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation.

I beg to assure you of my sincere regret that I shall not be able to be present on that signal day.

Ipswich was an important centre for a long time after the English plantation of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay was begun, and in it have originated, and from it have gone forth, many of our most respected and distinguished families. While they are widely scattered, and some of them are citizens of nearly every State in the Union, they all remember with an uplifting pride the home of their fathers. I feel myself honored in being able to trace back my lineage to an ancestor seven generations removed, who was among the planters of your ancient town as early as 1637.

The observance which you propose will, I am sure, awaken wholesome sympathies in thousands of hearts, evoke numberless interesting events all along the line of these two centuries and a half, and re-embalm them in more fixed and permanent form.

Trusting that your celebration may in every way meet your best anticipations,

I am very truly yours,

Edmund F. Slafter.

Ashland, Mass., July 28, 1884.

Mr. George E. Farley.

Dear Sir, — I regret very much that we cannot accept the courteous invitation to attend the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Ipswich. Absence from the State at the time set for it will prevent what would otherwise have proved a great pleasure.

A pastorate of seven years over the First Church of Ipswich put me into familiar thought of the long line of Christian worthies who had preceded me in lay and pastoral connection with that church. Often, in imagination, I was visited by the energetic Parker, who came with his hundred parishioners to settle in the depths of the wilderness; by the witty "Simple Cobbler," who knew how to mend the laws of the body politic as well as his sermons; by the saintly Norton; by the four Rogerses and the learned William Hubbard, as well as by others of the sixteen able and godly ministers of Christ who had gone before me in that field of labor. The recollection of these men was to me a strong support, as well as a stimulus to cultivate with equal fidelity the vineyard which they had planted with so much care and zeal.

If the spirits of the blest are permitted to visit the scene of their earthly labors, I do not doubt that these ancestral forms will hover over their descendants of the two hundred and fiftieth year, as they review the events of the past, and join with them in fervent supplication that the blessings of pure religion and intellectual culture which have come down from the former generations may continue in the good old town of Ipswich as long as the world endures.

That the old Mother, green and vigorous after two centuries and a half, may for many more centuries pour forth her colonies and her progeny to bless mankind, is the hearty wish of

Yours very respectfully,

Thomas Morong.

Newburyport, Aug. 16, 1884.

Messrs. Sayward, Chairman, and Farley, Secretary, of the Committee.

Dear Sirs, — Had I anticipated your kind invitation to be present at the celebration in Ipswich, I should have hastened my

journey hitherward a day, where I have arrived after the celebration is over.

Next to Old Newbury, where I was born, and with a similar affection, I regard the ancient Agawam, where my ancestors since 1654 have lived and died, and in whose soil they are buried. It was by no choice of mine that the long line of succession in the ancient home of our family has been interrupted, and I am obliged to be merely a grandson of Ipswich. Here my father came in his boyhood to seek his fortune, and, in obedience to the same law of dispersion, his boys have scattered from their birthplace; and it is only the memory of the past, and of the good people who have gone before us, which draws us back to Newburyport and to Ipswich.

In other parts of the world I have always been glad to say that I, and my ancestors before me for almost two centuries and a half, hailed from this happy corner of Massachusetts between the Ipswich and the Merrimack, whose shore has charms beyond all shores besides. Here I hope to be brought for burial. Here a good Providence conducted our fathers to settle, and out from this old cradle goes good blood to mingle with new generations which are blessing the world. Never can the descendants who trace their lineage back to the humble folk who first settled under the shadow of the hills of Agawam (still so beautiful), and by the side of its gentle river, forget the old home of their race.

I must repeat my extreme regret that I have not been present with you to-day to enjoy all the happy memories and happy influences which make such days delightful to such as cherish reverence for their ancestors, and see in the settlement of such towns as Ipswich the seeds of great and noble history. Well do I remember when Rufus Choate touched the strings of his marvellous eloquence at the commemoration fifty years ago, and often have I read his discourse as one of the most remarkable commemorative discourses of that time. I can only hope that some descendant of mine fifty years from now may find on your three hundredth anniversary a pleasure which I have missed to-day. With thanks to the Committee for the courtesy of their invitation,

I am very truly yours,

S. L. Caldwell.

Boston, Aug. 13, 1884.

C. A. Sayward, Esq., Chairman, etc.

Sir, — I trust my engagements may permit my attending the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Ipswich; but there is some uncertainty. The incidents of your town life are more than interesting to those who can trace the blood of the early worthies in their veins; and on such an occasion I may be permitted to recall, that, through the intermarriage of my ancestors, I am one of the representatives of the early Ipswich families of Perkins and Rogers, and my sympathies are with you.

There was historic incident in Ipswich before the settlement under the Bay Charter. As an integral part of "Mariana," it was included in the grant by "the President & Councel of New England" to Captain John Mason "inhabitant of the City of London," March 9, 1622–23, and also had some particular description in the recital, "together with the Great Isle or Island henceforth to be called Isle Mason, lying near or before the Bay harbor or ye river of Aggawam," etc.

In the swamp here, in 1623, was the fight related by Phineas Pratt, in which the Piscataqua and Mr. Weston's men attacked the Abordees, and avenged their ill conduct at Wessagusicus, and in plundering Mr. Weston near the Merrimack. Here was one of the habitations of Masconomah, chief of the tribe located in these parts, and here he planned and sought the alliance of the Cape Ann settlers, and after their removal, with the pioneers at Nahumkeag, for defence against the predatory incursions of the Taranteens. The Bay Company when organized became the successor of "the old planters" to these alliances, and continued the humane and kindly protection its predecessors had given to this broken tribe, whose original power and numbers had been wasted and shrunk before the cruel pestilence which in 1618 had ravished the coast from Saco to Plymouth. Your shores were attractive to European settlement both for the superb winter fishery, the river schooling fish, and the flights of sea and marsh fowl in their season. The liberal fertility of its broad meadows and marshes gave security for the wintering of cattle, and one naturally inquires why was it not settled earlier. Surely its advantages were known; but the Spanish and French wars had been detrimental to private enterprise, and Parliament had by no means been up to the importance

of occupying these shores. Had the lamented Charles W. Tuttle lived to have completed his life of Captain Mason, for which he had so laboriously prepared, or when the Prince Society shall collate and publish the material which he left, it is probable we shall know more concerning this history of Mariana, prior to the Bay Charter.

Your town was organized at a time when the Bay Company had shaped the skeleton of what we still call the township substantially to its present form, carrying self-government, elective officials, property in the soil free from landlordism, to its chartered inhabitants, and making each township independent in its sphere, and self-reliant for its prosperity. The men thus organized in Ipswich were marked by energy, industry, enterprise, and practical forethought. Their manliness gave tone to their church and to their high moral principles. The reserve of prudence, the simple habits and self-abnegation which characterized them, were necessary to success in planting a settlement on the frontier of an ocean-bound continent alive with a brave and jealous hostile race. ; It was what these early generations of our race sowed here in the loneliness of frontier life, enduring toil, privation, poverty, danger, and the heart-separation of emigration, that in this century bears its rich fruits in character, civilization, culture, liberty, and prosperity, and has given us a land abounding in population and national wealth.

For one, I am profoundly grateful to these your ancestors who made good their footing on this continent, and I respect and esteem their spinning-wheels, their hoes, their axes, their whale-boats and fishing-gear, their log-cabins, their homespun clothes, their shot-guns, and their pious confidence that the God of Israel would not forsake them in their hour of need, as the emblems of that nobility of labor, merit, and character, which has made this continent to-day the home of fifty-five millions of the Gothic race they sprang from.

I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

CHAS. LEVI WOODBURY.

LIST OF INVITED GUESTS.

Abbott, A. A.	Salem.
Advertiser, Editor Boston Daily	Boston.
Allen, Charles	"
Allen, William	Northampton.
Allen, Charles H.	Lowell.
Ames, Oliver	Boston.
Amory, Thomas C.	"
Angier, M. B.	Newburyport.
Angier, Mrs. M. B.	"
Appleton, John	Bangor, Me.
Appleton, Nathan	Boston.
Appleton, W. H.	New York.
Appleton, W. S.	Boston.
Appleton, Elisha	Providence, R.I.
Atwood, Julius W.	Ipswich.
Bancroft, George	Newport, R.I.
Billings, John D.	Cambridge.
Bishop, E. R.	Haverhill.
Blaine, J. G.	Augusta, Me.
Blaine, Mrs. J. G.	" "
Blake, E. A.	Port Chester, N.Y.
Blake, Mrs. E. A.	" " "
Boynton, Horace E.	Boston.
Briggs, Edward H.	Ipswich.
Brooks, Phillips	Boston.
Brookfield, Selectmen of	Brookfield.
Bruce, George A.	Somerville.
Burrill, I. F.	Boston.
Burrill, Mrs. I. F.	"
Butler, B. F.	Lowell.
Caldwell, Charles A.	Alton, Ill.
Caldwell, William	Augusta, Me.

Caldwell, Luther	Elmira, N.Y.
Caldwell, Mrs. Luther	" "
Caldwell, Augustine	Worcester.
Caldwell, S. L.	Poughkeepsie.
Caldwell, Joseph H.	New York.
Choate, George F.	Salem.
Colburn, Waldo	Dedham.
Colby, George J. L.	Newburyport.
Cowles, J. P.	Ipswich.
Cowles, Mrs. J. P.	"
Cross, George	Exeter, N.H.
Cross, Mrs. George	" "
Currier, Edward E.	Malden.
Cushing, Stephen	Boston.
Cushing, Mrs. Stephen	"
Cutler, Temple	Essex.
Cutler, Mrs. Temple	"
Dadmun, J. W.	Winthrop.
Dadmun, Mrs. J. W.	"
Dalton, S.	Salem.
Devens, Charles	Worcester.
Dexter, Henry M.	Boston.
Dodge, Mary A.	Hamilton.
Dodge, H. Augusta	"
Dudley, W. W.	Washington, D.C.
Dyer, Fannie J.	Boston.
Eastman, C. L.	Chelsea.
Eliot, Charles W.	Cambridge.
Endicott, W. C.	Salem.
Essex, Selectmen of	Essex.
Farley, Gustavus	Cambridge.
Farley, Robert	Boston.
Field, Walbridge A.	"
Flagg, George A.	Malden.
Flichtner, G. F.	New York.
Fuller, Enoch	Salem.
Gazette, Salem, Editor of	"
Gilbert, Edward H.	Ware.
Goodell, Abner C.	Salem.
Globe, Boston Daily, Editor of	Boston.
Gray, Horace	Washington, D.C.
Grand Army Republic, Essex Post	Essex.
Greenough, William S.	Wakefield.
Hamilton, Selectmen of	Hamilton.

Hannaford, J. L.	Melrose.
Hannaford, Mrs. J. L.	,,
Hannaford, C. H.	Saxonville.
Hannaford, Mrs. C. H.	,,
Hazen, H. A.	Boston.
Heard, J. T.	,,
Herald, Boston, Editor of	,,
Herrick, A. F.	Newton Upper Falls.
Herrick, Mrs. A. F.	,, ,, ,,
High, W. C.	Somerville.
High, Mrs. W. C.	,,
Hill, Mayor of Salem	Salem.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell	Boston.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, Jr.	,,
Holt, Alfred F.	Cambridge.
Hoyt, A. H.	Boston.
Horton, N.	Salem.
Hubbard, D. B.	Grafton.
Hubbard, Mrs. D. B.	,,
Hubbard, C D.	Wheeling, West Va.
Ipswich, England, Mayor of	
Johnson, Charles T.	Ipswich.
Johnson, Mrs. Charles T.	,,
Journal, Boston, Editor of	Boston.
Kidner, Reuben	,,
Kidner, Mrs. Reuben	,,
Kimball, Otis	,,
Kimball, Benjamin	,,
Kimball, Arthur S.	Oberlin, Ohio.
Kimball, John C.	Hartford, Conn.
Kimball, Mrs. John C.	,, ,,
Kimball, Daniel	Woburn.
Knowles, J. O.	Worcester.
Knowles, Mrs. J. O.	,,
Lawrence, Amos A.	Boston.
Leeds, George	Baltimore, Md.
Loring, George B.	Salem.
Lord, George R.	,,
Lord, Enoch	,,
Lord, George D.	Boston.
Lunt, George	Newburyport.
Manning, R. H.	New York.
Manning, Mrs. R. H.	,, ,,
Manning, Joseph E.	Boston.

Marden, George A.	Lowell.
Metcalf, Edwin D.	Springfield.
Merrill, C. A.	Winchendon.
Miller, J. N.	U. S. Navy.
Miller, Mrs. J. N.	
Morong, Thomas	Ashland.
Morong, Mrs. Thomas	"
Morton, Marcus	Andover.
Morris, Franklin	Northampton.
Morris, Mrs. Franklin	"
Nettleton, Edward P.	Boston.
Newton, B. F.	St. Louis, Mo.
Observer, Salem, Editor of	Salem.
Oliver, Henry K.	"
Patch, George F.	Ipswich
Palmer, Edwin B.	"
Palmer, Mrs. E. B.	"
Perkins, Augustus T.	Boston.
Perkins, J. S.	Salem.
Perkins, Aaron	"
Perkins, A. H.	"
Peabody, Ezekiel	Ipswich.
Phillips, S. H.	Salem.
Phillips, Mrs. S. H.	"
Phillips, Willard P.	"
Pike, John	Rowley.
Pike, Mrs. John	"
Pierce, Henry B.	Boston.
Poore, Ben: Perley	Newbury.
Porter, E. G.	Lexington.
Post, Boston, Editor of	Boston.
Potter, Daniel	Salem.
Pulsifer, Joseph	"
Pulsifer, Daniel	Boston.
Raymond, J. C.	Beverly.
Rindge, Mrs. S. B.	Cambridge.
Robinson, George D.	Boston.
Rockwell, Horace F.	"
Rogers, J. C.	Danvers.
Rogers, Mrs. J. C.	"
Rogers, W. C.	Boston.
Rogers, R. D.	Danvers.
Rowley, Selectmen of	Rowley.
Rust, R. S.	Cincinnati, Ohio.

Russell, Edward J.	Worcester.
Safford, N. S.	Newton.
Safford, Daniel E.	Hamilton.
Saltonstall, Leverett	Chestnut Hill.
Saltonstall, Henry	Boston.
Saltonstall, W. G.	,,
Sheridan, P. H.	Washington, D.C.
Sherman, Edgar J.	Gloucester.
Silsbee, B. H.	Salem.
Slade, Daniel Denison	Chestnut Hill.
Slade, Mrs. D. D.	,, ,,
Slafter, Edmund F.	Boston.
Smith, Roland C.	Ipswich.
Smith, C. N.	Peabody.
Smith, Mrs. C. N.	,,
Smith, E. A.	Somerville.
Smith, Mrs. E. A.	,,
Smith, Thomas	Ipswich.
Southgate, Charles M.	Dedham.
Spofford, R. H.	Newburyport.
Spofford, Mrs. R. H.	,,
Spofford, Uriah G.	Appleton, Wis.
Stone, Eben F.	Newburyport.
Thayer, N. R.	Newtonville.
Thayer, Mrs. N. R.	,,
Topsfield, Selectmen of	Topsfield.
Traveller, Boston, Editor of	Boston.
Transcript, Boston Evening, Editor of	,,
Treadwell, Mrs. Daniel	Cambridge.
Wade, Samuel	Alton, Ill.
Wagner, Jesse	Hyde Park.
Wagner, Mrs. Jesse	,,
Wainwright, Henry C.	Boston.
Wainwright, William	Weymouth.
Warner, C. H.	Boston.
Waters, T. Frank	Ipswich.
Waters, Mrs. T. Frank	,,
Wheatland, Henry	Salem.
Whittier, John G.	Amesbury.
Whittaker, George	Somerville.
Whittaker, Mrs. George	,,
Whipple, John J.	Brockton.
Wilder, Marshall P.	Boston.
Wildes, George D.	New York.

Winthrop, Robert C.	Boston.
Winchendon, Selectmen of	Winchendon.
Wise, Daniel	Englewood, N.J.
Wise, Mrs. Daniel	„ „
Woods, Joseph W.	Boston.
Woods, Mrs. Joseph W.	„
Woodbury, Charles Levi	„
Woods, Fred.	Springfield.
Woods, Mrs. Fred.	„

THE CHOIR

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROF. ARTHUR S. KIMBALL.

Mrs. M. H. HALE . . . . . *Pianist.*
Prof. EBEN H. BAILEY . . . . . *Organist.*

Soloists.

Miss GERTIE BLAKE. Miss LAURA HUBBARD.
Mrs. WILLIAM H. HUBBARD.

Chorus Singers.

Mrs. W. G. Brown.
Mrs. E. H. Bailey.
Miss Nellie Butterworth.
Miss Lizzie Butterworth.
Miss Annie Brown.
Mrs. Everett Brown.
Mrs. Elias Conant.
Miss Lillie Carnes.
Mrs. N. Clark.
Mrs. C. H. Cummings.
Miss Mabel Downes.
Miss Sadie Dudley.
Miss Mary Fowler.
Miss Jennie Gillan.
Miss Sarah Harris.
Mrs. Carrie Horton.
Miss Stella Haas.
Mrs. Angie Harris.
Miss Lizzie Heard.
Miss Lorinda Harris.
Mrs. Addie Kennedy.
Mrs. Kate Lord.
Mrs. Carrie Lord.
Miss Abby Lord.
Miss Mary Mee.
Miss Ella Newman.
Miss Alice Newman.
Miss Emma Nason.
Miss Hattie Ordway.
Miss Nellie Rigby.
Mrs. A. H. Spiller.
Miss Cora Sanborn.
Miss Lucy Stone.
Miss Nellie Trask.
Miss Annie Wade.
Mr. George Adams.
Mr. Everett Brown.
Mr. Elias Conant.
Mr. Fred. Cross.
Mr. Reuben Daniels.
Mr. Martin Ehrlacher.
Mr. William Goodhue.
Mr. Increase Horton.
Mr. Arthur Hale.
Mr. William Horton.
Mr. David Kimball.
Mr. Charles H. Noyes.
Mr. William Nichols.
Mr. Joseph Ross.
Mr. Fred. Ross.
Mr. George Spencer.
Mr. Clifton Willcomb.
Rev. T. Frank Waters.

DESCRIPTION OF HELIOTYPES.

THE HOWARD HOUSE.

PAGE 67.

THE original house was probably built by Thomas Emerson, before 1648. William Howard purchased the premises about 1679, and built an addition to the house about 1709.

MEETING-HOUSES.

PAGE 80.

THE first meeting-house of the First Parish and of the town was probably built in 1634. It stood until 1645, when the second house of worship was erected, and used until Jan. 16, 1701, when the last sermon was preached in it. The third meeting-house was built during the years 1699 and 1700. The first sermon was preached in it Jan. 29, 1701. This building stood until 1749, when the fourth house was built, a picture of which appears here. This was taken down in 1846, and the present meeting-house was erected that year.

The first house of worship of the South Parish was erected in 1747, and was in use till 1838, when the present meeting-house was erected.

REV. THOMAS COBBETT'S HOUSE.

PAGE 118.

THIS house, on East Street, was built by Thomas Firman in 1634, who sold it in 1638 to Rev. John Norton. Mr. Norton sold it to Mr. Cobbett, who was in Ipswich as early as 1656. Mr. Norton's will, dated Jan. 14, 1661, gives "his brother William Norton the hundred pounds due unto him for his house in Ipswich, which Mr. Cobbett now dwelleth in, and the land he bought of Mathew Whipple, deceased, now in the occupation of Goodman Annable."

Mr. Cobbett, in his will, gives to his wife Elizabeth "my dwelling-house in Ipswich, confirmed lately to be my own by Mr. William Norton, impowered thereto by his brother, Mr. John Norton, his will."

THE DODGE HOUSE.

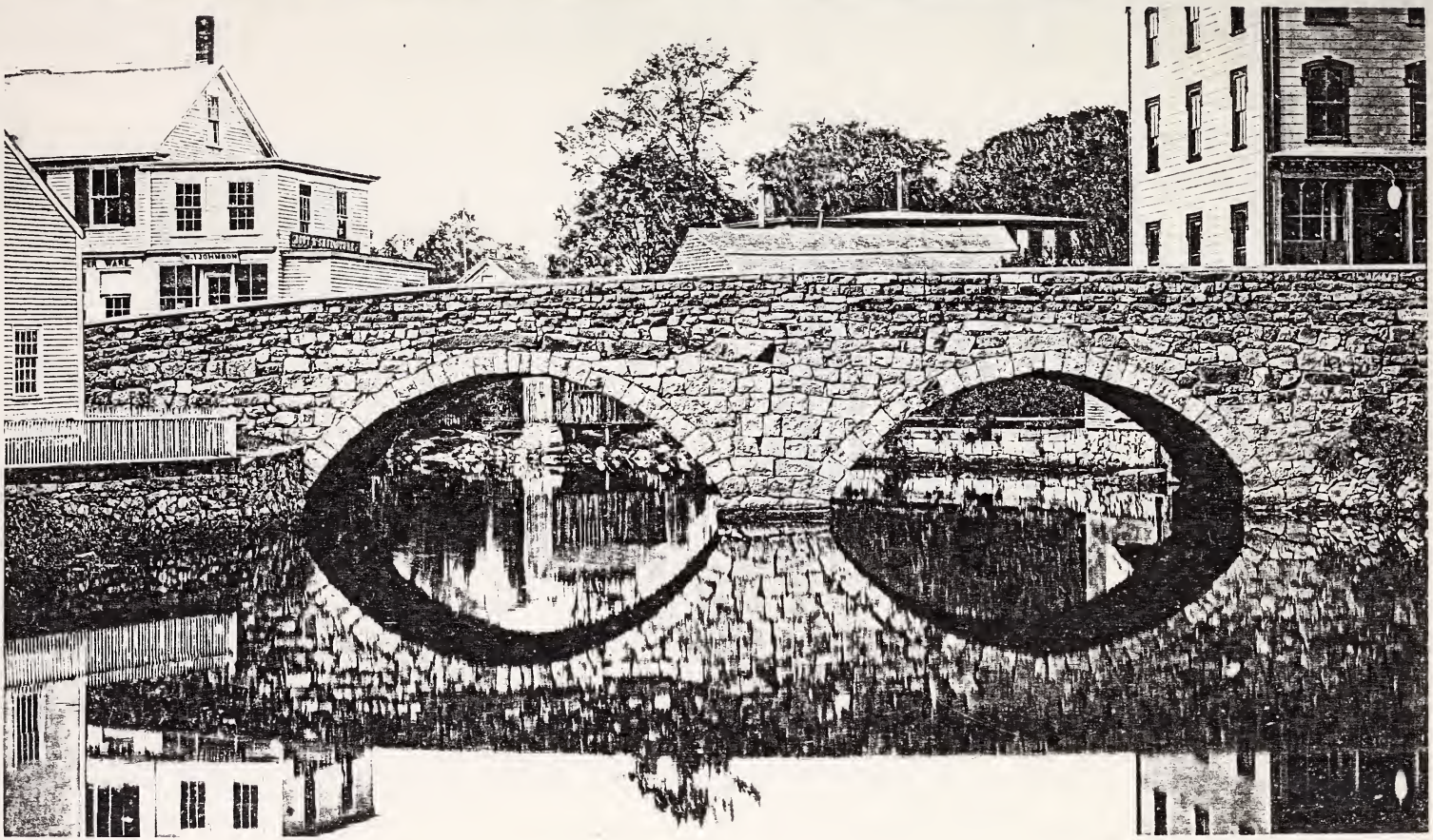
PAGE 118.

THIS house, which stands on the corner of North Main and Summer Streets, was probably built by Thomas Firman about 1640.

CHOATE BRIDGE, BUILT 1764.

PAGE 148.

LINES composed by Mr. Clark, a blind man (of Rowley) in 1764, and recited by him on the bridge, in the presence of Colonel Choate and several other persons, before the ground walls were done, although the bridge was so far finished as to be passable. Among the spectators was Nathaniel Dutch, then a lad, who heard the verses recited, and repeated them from memory, December,



BOSTON

1831, previous to which time it is not known that they were ever penned or printed.

Behold this bridge of lime and stone!
The like before was never known
For beauty and magnificence,
Considering the small expense.

How it excels what was expected,
Upon the day it was projected!
When faithful men are put in trust,
They 'll not let all the money rust.

But some advance for public good
Is by this fabric understood;
And after this it will be wrote
In honor of brave Colonel Choate.

It was his wisdom built the same,
And added lustre to his fame,
That filled this county with renown,
And did with honor Ipswich crown.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.

6145 1